THE

Repository

OF

ARTS, LITERATURE, COMMERCE,

Manufactures, Fashions, and Politics,

For SEPTEMBER, 1812.

VOL. VIII.

The Forty-fifth Number.

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TO OUR READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

We earnestly solicit communications (post paid) from the professors of the arts in general, as well as authors, respecting works which they may have in hand. We conceive that the evident advantage which must accrue to both from the more extensive publicity that will be given to their productions through the medium of the Repository, *needs only to be mentioned, to induce them to favour us with such information, which shall always meet with the most prompt attention.*

A Description of Loch Katherine, *the scene of Walter Scott's celebrated poem* The Lady of the Lake, *with which we have been favoured by W. W. is designed to appear, illustrated with a wood-cut, in our next Number.*

*We are obliged to * * * for his Criticisms; but are sorry, that, for an obvious reason, they cannot be inserted in the Repository.*

Several notices of works in the press arrived too late for our literary article, and are deferred. We must once more request all such communications to be transmitted to us on or before the 15th day of the month.

Fidelia's *packet has been handed to the superintendant of that department of our Miscellany under which its contents fall, who, we doubt not, will do strict justice to their merits.*

We beg leave to remind such of our Readers as have imperfect sets of the Repository, of the necessity of an early application for the deficiencies, in order to prevent disappointment. Those who chuse to return their Numbers to the Publisher, may have them exchanged for Volumes in a variety of bindings, at the rate of 4s. 6d. per Volume.

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————The suffrage of the wise,
The praise that's worth ambition, is attain'd
By sense alone, and dignity of mind.

ARMSTRONG.

CONVERSATIONS ON THE ARTS.—By JUNINUS.

(Continued from p. 68.)

MISS EVE. Do you know the dates of Thomas Ord, Lord Bolton?

Miss *K.* I have several of his caricatures etched by himself; he has genius, and draws with taste. Here is one of Voltaire, burlesqued for his pretensions to acting, under which is written—"The Hero of Ferney at the Theatre of Chatelaine."

"Pretend not too much, you only can write;
"Your lines draw my tears, your gestures the laugh."

"T. O. *fecit*, 1772."

This was etched from the life when his lordship, then Mr. Ord, was travelling on the Continent.—His caricatures are often to be met with in the print-shops, sales, &c. In early life he was secretary to the Duke of Rutland, when lord lieutenant of Ireland; and after his elevation to the peerage, was appointed lord lieutenant of the county of Southampton, and governor and vice-admiral of the Isle of Wight. He died at his seat at Hackwood Park, in 1807, in his 61st year.

Miss *Eve.* Who was Mr. Darly?

Miss *K.* About thirty years ago he kept a print-shop in the Strand, and published a great quantity of Maccaronis.

Miss *Eve.* What are Maccaronis?

Miss *K.* The term, borrowed from the Italian, I believe, signifies an affected fop. He published the first of Bunbury's sketches. Darling, the printseller, formerly of Newport-street, was his pupil.

Miss *Eve.* Have you any of Darly's prints?

Miss *K.* Here is one of an ass, under which is written—"Engraved from a fine original study, in black

chalk, of Berghem, by Matt. Darly, in Cranbourn-alley, Leicester-fields, who teaches gentlemen and ladies the different manners of using the dry needle, engraving, &c." — This was before he kept the print-shop in the Strand.

Miss *Eve.* This is engraved in the scritch-scratch manner of Thos. Worlidge, the painter.

Miss *K.* Yes, it is.

Miss *Eve.* I intend to practise drawing a good deal from Worlidge's Gems.

Miss *K.* They are very excellent, particularly the antique figures: they will much improve you. — Darly died about thirty years ago.

Miss *Eve.* It is remarkable that Darling the print-seller should be pupil to Darly the print-seller.

Miss *K.* My aunt says, that Mrs. Darling, wife of the former, was in her youth a very beautiful woman, much respected, and one of the best shopwomen in London. They gained a competence, with which she retired. They have both been dead some years. A print-seller named Thompson now keeps a shop on the spot where they resided, in Great Newport - street, Long-Acre. He bought the plates of Simpson, the drawing-master, in St. Paul's church-yard.

Miss *Eve.* Who is Simpson?

Miss *K.* He was in his early youth an engraver, many years a drawing-master, and taught at boarding-schools. He was master to Richard Westall, R. A.; Garrard, the horse-painter; Carlisle, now lecturer on anatomy to the Royal Academy, and many others.

Miss *Eve.* I thought that Westall was apprentice to Thomson, a silver - engraver in Gutter - lane, Cheapside.

Miss *K.* Yes, but Simpson taught him the elements of drawing. Simpson retired with an independence to Homerton near Hackney, where he died, in May 1808.

Miss *Eve.* Who was C. Mosley?

Miss *K.* About half a century ago he designed humorous prints, chiefly of a political kind. Hogarth and this artist engraved *The Gates of Calais, or the Roast Beef of Old England.* The song was written by Henry Howard, the engraver.—Here is a singular print engraved by Mosley from De la Caire—" A Representation of the Shooting of the three Highlanders, Samuel M'Pherson, Malcolm M'Pherson, and Farquhar Shaw, at the Parade in the Tower, July 19, 1743."

Here is another curious print, called *The Flitch of Bacon,* painted on the spot by David Ogborne. I forgot to mention this humorous designer, as well as Wm. Peters, formerly R. A. who designed *Sharpers cheating at Cards.*—The print of which I was speaking was engraved by Mosley; under it is written: " Perspective View of Dunmow, late the Priory, in the county of Essex, with the ceremony of demanding the Flitch of Bacon, Thursday, 20th of June, 1751, by Thomas Shakeshaft, weaver, and his wife. Before the dissolution of monasteries, it does not appear, by searching the most ancient records, to have been demanded above three times, and, including this, just as often since. Pub. 1752."

Thomas Shakeshaft and his wife received the gammon of bacon at the above time, having first knelt down on two bare stones within the church-door, and taken the oath,

pursuant to ancient custom, in the manner and form prescribed :—

You shall swear by the custom of our confession,
That you never made any nuptial transgression,
Since you were married man and wife,
By household brawls, or contentious strife;
Or otherwise in bed or at board,
Offended each other in deed or word;
Or since the parish clerk said Amen,
Wish'd yourselves unmarried again;
Or in a twelvemonth and a day
Repented not in thought any way;
But continued true and in desire
As when you joined hands in holy quire:
If to these conditions, without all fear,
Of your own accord, you will freely swear,
A gammon of bacon you shall receive,
And bear it hence with love and good leave.
For this is our custom at Dunmow well known;
Though the sport be ours, the bacon's your own.

Miss *Eve.* Do you know any particulars of Julius Ibbetson, one of the unsuccessful candidates?

Miss *K.* He formerly lived in Silver-street, Golden-square, and is an excellent painter of landscape and animals. He deserves to be an R. A. as well as several who possess that distinction. He has produced a large design of sailors carousing with their girls. This print is in mezzotint, and has merit. You were joking about such scenes; you never disguised yourself, to attain improvement from genuine nature in this way, I believe.

Miss *Eve.* My town-house you know is in Wellclose-square, Goodman's-fields. This almost joins to Wapping. The other night as I was going home, I heard one of these girls with sailors singing to a fiddle, in a public-house near the London Dock. There was a little space between the scarlet curtains, that one might see what was passing. I embraced this convenience, and peeped and listened, as I was curious to know what song such a girl would select.

Miss *K.* And what song was it?

Miss *Eve.* A few days afterwards I procured it of a woman who used to sell songs against Drury-lane Theatre, and learned it. 'Tis not bad; I will sing it softly to you. It is called *The unhappy Bride*—she could not claim the flitch of bacon.

I saw a woman who looked like Diana Trapes in Gay's *Beggars' Opera*, but lustier, bringing in a bowl of liquor, grog I suppose. She seemed highly delighted, and shook her fat sides. This I imagine was the Wapping Landlady. She might, perhaps, have sung with more truth Diana Trapes's song:

In the days of my youth I could bill like a dove, &c.

They now generally leave this old lady out of the *Beggars' Opera* when this piece is performed, which destroys the contrast; and they often turn this downright English opera, into an Italian I don't know what, with their bravuras, &c. This is very injudicious. How Gay would reprobate such liberties!

I remember when I was a little girl I saw a piece, entitled *The Wapping Landlady*, performed by some actors in Essex. In the first scene entered a sailor, and then the landlady. "My dear Jack," says she, "how glad I am to see you! How rejoiced you will make us all! Bridget, Kate, Sally, Nancy, Poll, and all the girls will be so rejoiced! They have done hardly any thing but talk of you, and have dreamt of you every night, ever since you left us." Here she calls the girls, who enter. "Why, mother," says Jack, "this is kind."

She enters with a bowl of punch. "I have one observation to make," he continues, "but that will make no difference—I have spent all my money." Here is such a change, and at last he goes out of the house. He meets Tom well supplied with gold, who lends Jack a quantity of the precious metal. He cannot well count the sum wanted, but at last he says, "Take a handful, Jack, and give me a handful another time." Tom comes in richly laden, and is received like Jack. While they are dancing, the old woman, girls, and all, round a bowl of punch, Jack peeps in at one corner. The old woman beckons him to be gone, being considered as an intruder. At last she seizes a broom to drive him away, when he holds up his purse of guineas and shakes it at her. The musical song of these goldfinches has such an effect on the old woman, that she seems electrified, throws down the broom, and immediately catches him in her arms, crying, "O my dear Jack, I was only joking! Sure you could never think me in earnest!" On this he goes in, and joins in the dance.

Miss *K.* It is said of these men, that they get money like horses and spend it like asses; but they enjoy themselves when on shore, as well, perhaps, as any other class of people that can be mentioned.

Miss *Eve.* Who is Charles White, one of the humorous designers whose name you have introduced in this list?

Miss *K.* He was a young man, all good-nature, frolic, and fun, a real Sir Harry Wildair, with a disposition so generous and free, that he was like the Tom you have just mentioned, who accommodated Jack. How often convivial societies have rejoiced in the election of Charles White as their president! Many artists now living know this to be no exaggeration. He was pupil to Robert Pranker, the engraver, who married one of Gerard Vandergucht's daughters; White married another, Jane, a younger sister of Mrs. Pranker, who, after his death in 1785, at the age of 34, commenced print-seller in Tavistock-street, Covent-Garden, and also sold fancy ornaments for the ladies. In this shop she was assisted by her daughter Mary, then about fourteen years of age. Here they continued some years. My aunt bought this fire-screen and that flowered work-bag at this shop. Charles White's largest humorous design is a Masquerade at the Pantheon. He also engraved this print, published in 1773, with the assistance of an artist known by the name of Tom Smith, pupil to Charles Grignion, and of the same good-natured stamp as himself. He soon after had an estate of £300 a year left him. Before this circumstance, as good-natured fellows have generally a nick-name (which never affronts them), he was called Laughing Smith; but he was now dignified with the title of Squire Smith. He died of a fever about the same time and age as White, was buried in Clerkenwell church, with some magnificence, and left mourning rings to many artists.

Miss *Eve.* Smith is a very common name. There are more persons of this name, I believe, than of any other.

Miss *K.* I have prints in the stroke-manner by Anker—Edward

--Gabriel—George Langly--James —John—Joseph — Joseph Clarendon—J. T.—Robert—Samuel, and Thomas Smith; also mezzotintos by those geniuses, John and John Raphael Smith, the last, as has been often observed, not least of the two.

Miss *Eve.* If any one in a crowded church were to cry out—"Mr. Smith's house is on fire!"

Miss *K.* Yes, what a number would take the alarm!

Miss *Eve.* In my fancy I think I can see those two social artists, White and Smith —like master, like man—at work in the same room, one making jokes and telling his adventures, and the other laughing at them.

Miss *K.* They were both jokers and both laughers.

Miss *Eve.* I think some of these working people live very happily in their work-rooms — engravers, jewellers, watchmakers, and such like, where the master is generous and benevolent, and likes to see those about him enjoy themselves and be happy; throwing down the north light window on the sultry summer day; and when the bleak north wind whistles, and blows the flaky snow and sleet between their casement and the dark winter sky, making the brightened fire blaze—so snug, so warm, so comfortable—amused by their work and talk, and enjoying the smell of their approaching dinner.

Miss *K.* You are a genius, Miss Eve, and, like all geniuses, you are benevolent, you like to see others happy, and to enjoy such pictures as this. Masters should see this sentiment of yours, and imitate it.

Charles White was also an excellent singer. I am informed that articles were once drawn up between him and the manager of Vauxhall Gardens, to sing there for the season. He was also invited by the manager of one of the royal theatres to attempt the part of Macheath, in which it is thought he would have been but little inferior to Webster. He would have made an excellent student in some particulars in the academy which you proposed for the study of genuine nature.

Miss *Eve.* What did Charles White produce besides humorous designs?

Miss *K.* *Ruins of Rome* and Companion; many book-plates, some for Bell's *Poets*, from Stothard—Bell lived at a shop near Exeter Change, in the Strand; plates in stipple, from Stothard, J. H. Benwell, &c.; and many others. Here is a slight print of his when he was about 19 years of age—*The Frenchman in London*, from John Collet, published Nov. 10, 1770, by R. Sayer, 53, Fleet-street; John Smith, Hogarth's Head, 35, Cheapside; and Wm. Darling, Great Newport-street, Long-Acre. He also engraved many botanical subjects for Dr. Hill, and these and other subjects in natural history for Sir Joseph Banks and Dr. Solander, collected in their voyage round the world; and the curiosities in the British Museum for John Van Rymsdyk, who was a painter and engraver in Charles-st. St. James's-square, father to Andrew Van Rymsdyk, who was likewise a painter and engraver, as well as a theatrical performer. Large prints are to be seen in the shops by Andrew Van Rymsdyk, which he engraved from the old masters at the age of 12 and 14, about the year 1770.

Miss *Eve.* Do you know the

dates of the Vanderguchts? When was Mrs. White's father born?

Miss *K.* About the year 1696. He died in Great Brook-street, in March 1776. His name was Gerard. He and his father engraved a vast quantity of prints, chiefly book-plates.

Miss *Eve.* Do you know the dates of Gerard's father?

Miss *K.* Here is a small extract from Horace Walpole's book:—"Michael Vandergucht of Antwerp was scholar of one Boutats, and master of Vertue, who was told by him, that Boutats had four daughters and twenty sons, of whom twelve were engravers; and that one of them, Philip, had twelve sons, of whom four were engravers. Vandergucht's family, though not so numerous, has been alike dedicated to the art. When M. Vandergucht arrived here does not appear. He practised chiefly on anatomical figures, but sometimes did other things, as a large print of the Royal Navy, on a sheet and a half, designed by one Baston. His master-piece was reckoned a print of Mr. Savage. He was much afflicted with gout, and died October 16, 1725, aged 65, at his house in Bloomsbury, and was buried at St. Giles's. He left two sons, John and Gerard."

Miss *Eve.* Does Lord Orford mention any thing about John Vandergucht?

Miss *K.* He says, that he was born in 1697: he learned to draw of Cheron, and of his father to engrave, but chiefly practised etching, which he sometimes mixed with the other. He studied too in the Academy: his six academic figures, after Cheron, were admired; and he is much commended by Cheselden in the preface of his *Osteology*, in the prints of which he had much share, as he had in the plates of Sir James Thornhill's cupola of St. Paul's. There is a print by him from Poussin's picture of *Tancred and Erminia.*

Miss *Eve.* What do you think of Walpole's book?

Miss *K.* I think a person should be an artist, to write on the arts. Even Burke, Dr. Johnson, and Dr. Walcot would shew great ignorance when they descended to particulars, if they attempted to write in this way. Shakspeare himself, in the last act of the *Winter's Tale*, makes one of the courtiers of the King of Sicily say, that the statue of Hermione was by that celebrated Italian sculptor, Julio Romano, though Julio Romano never attempted to make a statue in his life.

There is a drawing-book in yon drawer, that says, in order to draw in a good style, we must make use of a crow-pen, to obtain which we should go into the fields about August, and look for crow-quills; and that to lay an etching ground (tho' the plate is burning hot), we should dab the ground with the ball of the thumb; and to bite in the etching, we are to put the plate slantways, and to sluice it with aqua-fortis from a pitcher.

Walpole calls the elder Vandergucht Michael. I am informed that his christian name was Martin. I suppose Walpole saw M. to some prints, and thinking it was very likely to stand for Michael, ran the hazard of so calling him.

Miss *Eve.* I have seen the drawing-book which you mentioned just now. It says, after the drawing is

finished, it should be polished with a dog's tooth.

Barry considers Edward Penny equal, if not superior, in merit to Hogarth.

Miss *K.* The sun has spots, a diamond flaws, even the pope is not infallible: Barry here probably wrote under the influence of some bias.

Miss *Eve.* I should have thought that one of the prizes would have been adjudged to Smirke.

Miss *K.* The great geniuses who decided the prizes, think but little of finishing; they bestowed great attention on the thoughts or sketches. Reynolds observes, that the high finishing of the Dutch painters arose chiefly from the heaviness of their genius.

Miss *Eve.* The same writer, in his Lectures, says, that some painters will not copy nature, and even declare that nature puts them out.

Miss *K.* Here Reynolds was not aware that he was talking of people who knew more than himself in this particular. They formed a great totality, or harmony of lines, in their pictures, of which he was ignorant, though he possessed a sagacity that would have enabled him to understand this great principle in less than five minutes, had he chanced to have met with any one to instruct him.

Miss *Eve.* What do you think of John Collet, the humorous designer, who is mentioned in your list?

Miss *K.* He was a man of genius, generosity, and benevolence. He possessed an estate that made him independent of the world; and his tenants, knowing his disposition, often kept from paying much of their rents. I am informed that he died a few years ago, in Cheyne-row, Chelsea.

Miss *Eve.* You may know good-natured and benevolent people, by observing that they are always much imposed upon. The artful and the base keep each other as tight as the strings on a fiddle. What were Gerard Vandergucht's engravings?

Miss *K.* Walpole says that he hardly did any thing, but chiefly spent his time in picture-dealing. This is a mistake. I have a numerous collection of prints by Gerard Vandergucht. When I first began painting, I painted four sets of fire-screens for my aunt, four in each set, and took the idea from these large prints by this engraver. These you see are four large prints of dead game and four of fish, grouped according to the four seasons of the year, from paintings by Rysbrack.

Miss *Eve.* What character there is in them! How well they are etched!

Miss *K.* Bartolozzi never etched better. These I copied, and added to them two other sets of fruit and flowers. They make ornamental fire-screens, and my aunt generally uses those which accord with the season. I am often complimented on the thought, though that is Rysbrack's.

Walpole also says of John Vandergucht, that he engraved the *History of St. Paul*, by Thornhill, in the cupola of that cathedral. This is a mistake: if we look at the prints we shall see written, "Engraved by G. Vandergucht and B. Baron." He engraved a large plate of *King Charles the First's Declaration to his Gentry and his Army*

in 1642, and a hundred others that I could mention. On this table is one of his frontispieces to a book entitled, *The Universe*, a philosophical poem, intended to restrain the pride of man, a work of merit, by Henry Baker, F.R.S. F.S.A. who married Sophia, youngest daughter of the celebrated Daniel Defoe. Vandergucht also engraved many plates for Cervantes' novel of *Don Quixote*. This is the best novel extant.

Miss *Eve*. The critics objected to it, because it was written by a soldier who had but one hand, the other having been shot off in battle. How pitiful! as if a man wrote with his hand!

Miss *K*. They also made great objections to Ramsay's *Gentle Shepherd*, because Ramsay was a barber, and observed, that he had better devote his time to shaving than writing.

Miss *Eve*. Did Ramsay answer their objections?

Miss *K*. Yes; or rather he gave his reasons for not answering them. He says,

> Old Homer sung for his daily bread,
> Surprising Shakspeare fin'd the wool,
> Virgil crails and baskets made,
> And old Ben Jonson wield the trowel;
> Yet Somervile and Lauderdale,
> And many more of men the vail,
> Were proud to be enroll'd 'mong us.
>
> A mastiff scorns a yamping cur,
> A rock defies a frothy wave;
> Nor will a lion raise his fur,
> Altho' a monkey misbehave.

Miss *Eve*. Peter Pindar, speaking of fame, says—

> True fame is praise by men of genius giv'n,
> Whose souls betray some workmanship of Heav'n;
> Not by the wooden million, nature's chips,
> Whose darken'd souls are ever in eclipse;
> Puppies, who, tho' on idiotism's dark brink,
> Because they've heads, dare fancy they can think.

This Allan Ramsay was father, I believe, to the celebrated painter of the same name, who painted his Majesty's picture in Guildhall. What were their dates?

Miss *K*. Allan Ramsay the poet is said to have been son to a miner, employed by Lord Hopetoun, and born at the lead-mines of Crawford Muir, in 1686. About 1700 he was apprenticed to a barber at Edinburgh, where he died in 1757. He was the first person that established a circulating library in Scotland. His son, painter to his Majesty, was born about 1713, and died in 1784.

JUNINUS.

HISTORIC ROMANCES, OR WONDERS IN REAL LIEE.

Extracted from the PORT-FOLIO, *published by Messrs. Bradford and Inskeep, of Philadelphia.*

IT is no reasonable subject of wonder, that the taste of the public, in a reading age, should be attracted to that style of narrative which is termed romance. It is a reasonable subject of astonishment, however, that the writers of the day have so puzzled themselves by having solely recourse to their fancy, when even the pages and records of history may furnish them with infinitely better subjects. In some of the state trials in France and Italy are contained narratives, which, together with their romantic horror and atrocity, have annexed to them that su-

perior interest which always belongs to truth. The following is a tale of this kind: it is no farther altered or added to by us than by taking it out of its quaint and antiquated style, and omitting some letters which only interrupted the action.

In the city of Vannes, in the province of Bretagne, in France, lived a gentleman of noble family and great wealth; his name was Monsieur de Caerstaing. By his lady, Madame de la Valle Blanche, he had two sons, the eldest named Quattresson, the youngest Valfontaine; the former being about twenty-eight years of age, the latter about twenty-three, and both of them accomplished according to their rank. Valfontaine, being on a visit to his uncle in the city of Nantz, became there acquainted with a lady of the name of La Pratiere, a young woman of exquisite beauty, and not inferior to him either in birth or fortune. Valfontaine, therefore, took the first opportunity of declaring his passion io this rich heiress, and was by the young lady referred to her father. It is needless, perhaps, to mention, that La Pratiere herself was friendly to his addresses. M. de Pennelle, the father of the young lady, entertained Valfontaine very courteously for two or three days; but when the young man mentioned his business, replied, that he had other views for his daughter. The matter of fact was, that Valfontaine was merely a younger brother, and therefore did not answer the wishes of de Pennelle.

Upon Valfontaine's return to his father's house at Vannes, he acknowledged his love for La Pratiere, and solicited his interposition with her father. Both of his parents approved of his choice, but did not deem it consistent with their rank to descend to solicitation. They declined, therefore, this office. Valfontaine next applied to his brother Quattresson, and entreated him to make a journey to Nantz, and become his advocate with M. de Pennelle. Quattresson readily yielded to his brother's request; and his father so far seconded the purpose of the visit, as to give him a letter to de Pennelle, expressive of his consent to the union of their families.

Quattresson arrived at Nantz a short time before the family were going to dinner. He delivered his father's letter, and was introduced by de Pennelle to his daughter. Her exquisite beauty produced a fatal impression on him. In a moment he forgot his brother, and resolved to supplant him.

Under some pretext La Pratiere accompanied him into the garden, probably because she expected that he had some letter from her lover. Quattresson very eagerly accompanied her. After a pause of a few minutes, taking her hand:—"I have something most important to communicate to you, but you must swear to be secret. It intimately concerns your future welfare, but I cannot communicate it to you on any other condition, than that you pledge yourself by your honour and salvation to secrecy."

La Pratiere wondering at the strange nature of this request, for some moments stood mute; but at length remembering that Valfontaine was her lover, and Quattresson his brother, began to imagine that there was some contrivance between them, if they should not succeed with her father, to steal her

away. Under this impression she granted his request. Quattresson then made a full acknowledgment of his dishonourable passion, lamenting his treachery as an invincible misfortune, and imputing it to her exquisite beauty. La Pratiere was for some time in too much confusion to stop him in this offensive discourse, but at length interrupted him: "Sir, to have offered this unkindness to a friend would have been treacherous and ignoble in the extreme; but I know not what to term it when the object of this perfidy is your own brother. I have only to add, that your insanity, for such, sir, I must term it, has totally overpowered me, and I would sooner be in my tomb than connect myself with one so destitute of all honourable feeling."

Quattresson, being not merely half a villain, resolved not to be repulsed in this manner; he accordingly made a polite bow to the lady, and without farther ceremony proposed himself at once to her father. He was encouraged to this, perhaps, by having learned the old gentleman's character from his brother. His expectation was not disappointed; Pennelle embraced the offer; desired Quattresson to leave every thing to his management, and promised him eventual success. Under this persuasion Quattresson took his leave, and returned to his brother, to whom he gave some false account of the state of things at Pennelle's, advising him to think no more of La Pratiere, as her father was decidedly against his proposals.

By some means or other, most probably by the communication of La Pratiere, Valfontaine soon learned the perfidy of his brother, and openly taxed him with it. Quattresson, denying it with his tongue, confessed it with his countenance. Valfontaine, however, fully satisfied of the honour and love of his mistress, and perhaps deeming her beauty a strong excuse, contented himself with the mere reproof of his brother, and thereafter thought no more of the subject.

Not so Quattresson: he hated his brother as a successful rival; he now hated him doubly, as one who had detected him in an act of infamy. La Pratiere, moreover, was still immovable. In this state of things he turned his whole mind to revenge. This purpose was still further confirmed by the union of La Pratiere with his brother, de Pennelle having at length given his consent.

As soon as he had resolved on the crime, he resolved on the means. One of his most dissolute companions was a young apothecary who attended his family. This young man was as poor as he was profligate. Quattresson proposed to him to poison his brother, offering him a large reward. The villanous apothecary, after some reluctance, agreed to the proposal.

An opportunity was not long wanting to persons so determined on crimes. Valfontaine, about six weeks after his marriage, finding his body in an extreme heat, and his pulse in violent motion, sent for his apothecary, who having opened a vein in the morning, administered to him at night a composing draught, in which was infused the deadly poison: Valfontaine sunk under its operation before morning. His wife and father were sorrowful in the extreme for the loss of their son and

husband; Quattresson likewise assumed a melancholy countenance, and to all but the all-seeing eyes of God, seemed to lament the loss of his brother.

Three months were scarcely passed over after this atrocious murder, before Quattresson renewed his suit to La Pratiere, his widowed sister-in-law. She had already some suspicion that Valfontaine had died by the hands of his brother, and these proceedings confirmed her in that notion. Silently praying to the Almighty God to bring about justice in his own due time, she contented herself with a sharp rebuke, and the most absolute and decided refusal to listen to his conversation. Quattresson still continuing his offensive addresses, La Pratiere at length withdrew from the house of her father-in-law, and sought refuge in that of her father. Her beauty and fortune soon procured her other admirers; and after a year's mourning, she gave her hand to an honourable and virtuous gentleman of the name of Pont Chausey. Quattresson now vowed that his revenge should equal his former love; he accordingly avoided the sight of her as of a noxious animal, and to extinguish the memory of his passion, gave himself up to all kinds of profligacy.

Quattresson hearing that a poor peasant, of the parish of St. Andrew, about three miles from Vannes, had a beautiful daughter, resolved to see her, and to make her the object of seduction. He contrived to call at her father's cottage in one of his hunting excursions. He saw Marietta,—saw that her beauty exceeded her reputation, and he resolved instantly to make her his prey. Marietta was only sixteen years of age, and vanity and her mean condition very powerfully seconded the advances of Quattresson.

To make short this part of our narrative, Quattresson succeeded with the young and thoughtless Marietta to the full extent of his criminal desires; but as the father and mother of Marietta, though poor, were honest, it became necessary to remove her from their humble roof. Quattresson again succeeded in persuading her to elope, and concealed her in the cottage of one of his father's vassals, about ten or twelve miles from Vannes.

Quattresson, having now satisfied one brutal passion, returned to another. His revenge against La Pratiere arose in double violence. He again sent for his former instrument, the ruffian apothecary, who had assisted him to poison his brother. The villain agreed to the proposal as soon as it was made. They now waited only for the opportunity. The justice of Providence brought it about sooner than they had any reason to expect. La Pratiere becoming indisposed, Moncalier was called in to administer to her.

He advised that some composing draught should be given to her, and left her chamber with the purpose of making up this draught, and infusing into it a deadly but gradual poison. The vengeance of God, however, overtook him before the accomplishment of his murderous intention. He had just left the chamber-door, and was in the act of bowing to the husband, who attended him on the staircase, when rising up too suddenly, and the bannisters being low and dark, he fell backwards over them. The stairs were

like those in old houses, very deep, and in the shape of a well downwards; he accordingly fell to the bottom, and without having time to recommend his soul to his Maker, and to ask, even momentarily, a pardon of Heaven, broke his neck and expired—an awful example of the divine vengeance, and of the death of the wicked.

One would have thought that such a calamitous accident would have awakened the terror of Quattresson. Not at all; it had no such effect. On the contrary, he rejoiced in it, as an incident which put him into additional security, by removing the witness and accomplice of his former crimes. Poor deluded wretch! as if the all-seeing eye of God was not upon him, and as if Heaven wanted other means to accomplish its justice. His cup was not yet full; the bolt, however, was heating, and he soon received it on his head.

Quattresson now returned to his debaucheries, and very soon became satiated with the charms of Marietta. He now began to find her a burden. Some whispers, moreover, of his intrigue had reached his father's ear, and he began to fear being disinherited. Marietta becoming pregnant by him, augmented his terrors. Under these circumstances he resolved to get rid of her, and no more expeditious way suggested itself to this wicked man, than murder. It was the shortest way, and, as he persuaded himself, the safest and the surest.

Having thus resolved on the purpose, he removed her from the house where he had hitherto concealed her, under the pretext that he wished her to be more comfortable, and better provided against the season of her delivery. He removed her to the house of one Daniels, a miller, who bore a character scarcely less abandoned than that of Quattresson himself. This fellow was a tenant of his father, and Quattresson having before made use of him on some licentious purpose, knew that he would undertake any thing for money.

Quattresson accordingly, a few days afterwards, opened his purpose to the miller; promised a reward, and implored him to do the business quickly and secretly. The miller, wicked as had been the former course of his life, hesitated, and proposed that for the same reward he would marry Marietta, and thus take the child upon himself.

Quattresson, however, from some remains of jealousy, would not listen to this expedient; he knew, moreover, that Marietta would not become the wife of Daniels, as she believed that she was about to become that of Quattresson. In a few words, the miller's scruples were at length overcome, and he undertook to execute the dreadful purpose.

Daniels, to get rid of his suspense, resolved to execute the crime immediately. Accordingly, the night after he had undertaken it, he was particularly assiduous in his attentions to Marietta. Quattresson himself visited her that evening; hypocritically kissed her as he parted from her, and then took his leave, in the full hope and expectation that he should never see her more. The fond and lovely girl wept at his departure. She thought that on such a night (being rainy and stormy), he might have staid with her. Quattresson, however, fearless of the storms of heaven, rode briskly home,

where he mixed in a gay party, as if his conscience and his heart had been perfectly at ease.

In the mean time the miller comforted Marietta; and giving her some warm wine, persuaded her to go to her chamber. Hither she accordingly went,—alas! never to return. She soon wept herself asleep, having first, according to her nightly practice, prayed God to pardon her sin, but without the resolution to abandon it. These are prayers which God can never hear.

Daniels awaited very impatiently till a late hour in the night, when thinking her asleep, he stole up to her door. He listened, and heard nothing but her breathing. He went into the next room, and getting through a window on a ledge, or house-ridge, he gained the window of Marietta's chamber. He softly removed a pane of glass, opened the window, and entered the room. Grasping the neck of the lovely girl with one hand, and forcing down the bed-clothes with the other, the hellish ruffian partly strangled and partly stifled her. The unhappy girl had at least the consolation of not knowing that Quattresson, her beloved Quattresson, was the cause of her death.

When the murderer thought the business finished, he mustered up courage enough to remove the bed-clothes, and looked at his victim by the light of his dark lantern. He found her dead, and, in spite of his wickedness, trembled, and was covered with a cold sweat: there was no time, however, to be lost. He put the body into a sack, and filling it with stones, threw it into his mill-dam.

Quattresson being informed of it next day, gave him his reward; which the miller immediately expended in flour, and augmented his trade. His business seemed complete, and both Quattresson and himself, in three or four weeks, forgot their crime and Marietta. Not so, however, the justice of Almighty God. He saw the crime, and had prepared the punishment.

The guilty deed had been committed about two months, when some gentlemen, crossing the fields near the mill-dam, one of their dogs plunged into the water after a duck that was swimming there. The miller not being in his mill, the gentlemen encouraged their dogs. The duck to escape them dived, and one of the dogs after it. The dog, upon coming up to the surface, neglected the duck, and swam round the place, whence he returned to the surface, barking and making much noise. The other dogs soon joined him. The gentlemen threw stones and called to the dogs, but to no purpose. They now began to think there was something extraordinary, and were resolved to see what it was. At this instant the miller came up, and seeing how things were, implored the gentlemen to call the dogs from hunting his ducks. They told him that his ducks should be paid for, but that the dogs were not hunting his ducks, but something at the bottom of the pond, and desired him to let off the water, that they might see what it was. The miller trembled and changed colour; but concealing his agitation, suggested that such an expedient would be his ruin, as it was the summer season, and if the water were let off, he would have none to grind with. They offered to pay him whatever was reasonable.

The miller, however, replied, that nothing could indemnify him, and entreated them to desist. The gentlemen, accordingly, with much difficulty, brought off their dogs, and by the aid of the miller, forced them into the mill.

The miller had not so well concealed his confusion, but that one of the gentlemen had perceived it, and began to entertain some suspicions, though he knew not of what. He resolved, however, to be satisfied, and hit upon an expedient. He followed the miller through the mill, and seemed to take an interest in his explanations of its machinery. He at length proposed to his companions, that as it was some distance to the town, and as the day was beautiful and the scenery delightful, they should dine in the mill. The gentlemen all agreed, and the miller was accordingly sent off to procure wine, &c. from the town, the gentlemen promising to take care of his house and mill till his return.

Having thus got rid of the miller, they resolved to execute the purpose which they had all formed. Accordingly, they proceeded to let off the water out of the dam; the dam was soon exhausted, and the sack and the body of Marietta discovered.

The gentlemen had just taken it from the sack, and were examining it on the bank, when the miller was seen coming blithely along through a meadow. In a few minutes, however, he got a sight of them on the bank of the mill-dam, and his conscience informing him what they were about, he betook himself to flight. Two of the gentlemen pursued him, and brought him to the mill.

The remainder of this narrative is very brief. The miller was brought to trial, and condemned to be hanged. He accused Quattresson of having bribed him to the act, upon which Quattresson was likewise tried and condemned. Previous to his execution he acknowledged all his murders, and implored the forgiveness of Heaven.

ENQUIRY RESPECTING THE KINGDOM OF NATURE IN WHICH A WIFE SHOULD BE CLASSED.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,

There is a good old saying, that a man is never too old to learn; and I find, old as I am, that I had something to learn from the correspondence of your old physician, *p.* 23 of your number for July. Hitherto I had imagined, I apprehend with most natural philosophers, that every thing in nature was to be classed in one or other of what are called the three kingdoms; and though experience has taught me, that a wife cannot be considered as a vegetable, the nature of which is to be fixed to one spot, and to be perfectly silent while alive, though some emit melodious and dulcet sounds when dead; still less as a fossil, though many owe the greater part of their value to the quantity of minerals pertaining to them; yet I own, angel as I supposed her to be before marriage, I thought I did my wife no wrong, in deeming her to belong to the animal kingdom afterwards.

Once, indeed, I remember hearing a nymph of the celebrated London fish-mart, abusing another for

calling her an animal; but I own I was not disposed to submit to her authority. In this it now appears I was wrong; though, whether the learned doctor were a pupil of her's, or she a pupil of the doctor, I am not competent to decide, any more than I am in what light to consider my wife in future.

Perhaps, however, after all, I have mistaken the sagacious physician for want of diving sufficiently deep into his meaning; possibly his expressions were intended to imply, that a wife is something completely out of nature. If this be really the case, I should be very happy to be informed, how I can extricate myself from the unnatural state in which I have involved myself from want of understanding.

I am, Sir,
Your very humble
and obedient servant,
G. A. METEES.

ON CERTAIN MATRIMONIAL PLAGUES CALLED NURSES.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

IT is said that "there is a pleasure in madness which none but madmen know;" and I may add, that there is a pleasure in grumbling that none but grumblers know. I am not willing to include myself amongst the insane, at least the merry madmen; nor am I inclined to fancy myself an habitual grumbler; although I confess I feel some satisfaction from the hope that you will print these my complainings, and I shall leave your readers to judge whether I murmur without sufficient cause.

I am a married man, in a respectable line of business, which is so pleasantly conducted by trusty servants, that I can afford to spend much of my time in social, domestic comforts. My wife is as agreeable and worthy a woman as any man in his senses could desire to have, and I am not going to complain at her expence, poor soul! I only wish it would please the fates so to ordain it, that she did not bring upon me a renewal of the evil I am about to complain of quite so often; for seven lyings-in in seven years, have a tendency to make a grumbler of any man endued with less patience than Job. At the same time, perhaps, had I waited one day longer you would not have been troubled with this, for the nurse will leave us to-morrow. Know then, sir, that my house (at other times the mansion of peace) has been in a state of civil, or rather uncivil discord for the last month; and it is only subsiding just now, because all the parties concerned are nearly exhausted. I wish from my heart there was no such unnatural a thing in nature, as that plague, a nurse!—But I will not lose my temper. Just one month ago come to-morrow, I dispatched a messenger to Beddington, for Mrs. Dormouse, a nurse first recommended by my spouse's mother, who holds herself in constant readiness once a year at the same period, knowing that mistress, as she says, can be depended upon as "true as St. Paul's clock." Mistress she

reckons upon as an annuity for some years to come. A nurse in a house is as hateful as an exciseman—he has the keys of all that is useful, and so I may say has a nurse.

When my good soul is in bed, then commences the confusion; up stairs and down stairs, nurse wants this and nurse wants that. Then there is such a contention about who shall *not* answer the bell. As to myself, I am passed by all upon the stairs with as much ceremony as the cat. For the first few days, let me ask any question of these flying scouts, be it what it may, the only answer I can get is, "Mistress is as well as can be expected," and away they go. After the first day of my wife's confinement, if I attempt to knock at the chamber-door, the question is from the old nurse, "Who's there?" — "It is your master." —"O Benjamin, what do you want?"—"I tell you it is not the footman, it is your master."—"O, master is not here—but stop, Benjamin, I want some coals; and hark ye, you must go to the *kimisters* and get this *proscription* made, for the baby is ill; and stop, Benjamin," whilst I creep away to stop her noise, without the satisfaction of knowing from the poor sufferer how she fares.

When it happens that I am admitted, all my patience flies away. If I venture to ask, "Nurse, do you not think the room too dark, or is it not too warm?"—Humph—I had better ask the doctor, he ordered it so.—Well, I do ask the doctor, he denies it; then madam nurse goes into a violent pet, alarms her mistress, and shakes upon her heavy knees the poor baby into fits. —I have often thought of turning nurse myself. If I go into the room a dozen times a day, the infant is being either dressed or undressed; and thus the poor innocent little victim is first placed upon its face, and then upon its back; then a pin is stuck here and another is stuck there by her clumsy, dawdling fingers; and sometimes I verily believe into the child's side, on purpose to drive me out of the room, and its poor mother out of her wits. All this is done, too, with her knees thrust close to a fire fierce enough to roast a pig. The dressing done, then commences the feeding of the little sufferer, who, after being nearly roasted, is scalded by hot pap. Surely I would ask, is it necessary to lay the infant upon its back, to have the victuals poured down its throat until it is choaked; its innocent arms bandaged tight, to prevent its natural struggles under such persecutions; and this accompanied by a hus—h—h—h—ing noise loud enough to be heard all over the house, and a shaking worse than that experienced by a poor spaniel in the trap of a cockney sportsman's gig.

When her mistress is inclined to sleep, then is her prating tongue at work, recounting a thousand dismal tales of winding-sheets, death-watches, and melancholy church-yards; and when her mistress is awake, then is Mrs. Dormouse snoring fast asleep. There is no peace for her night or day. Sometimes I think these restless old spirits walk in their sleep, and they are ever mumbling to themselves. I must tell you I sleep, or rather lie, upon the same floor with my wife's room. I cannot keep the prying old puss out when I am in bed; for I

know not how many times she comes toddling in her list shoes, heavy as an elephant, holds the light at the foot of my bed, and begins her soliloquy:—"I wonder if master's asleep—O no, master's not asleep—O yes, master's asleep sound as a church; well, I dare say he'll be glad when he gets into his own bed again.—Bless me! what was it I wanted?"—(for she is on her way to the room beyond mine)—"O, it was the child's cap—yes, it was the cap." After fumbling at all the drawers, dropping the keys, and then the light, I am suddenly roused from my doze by this returning, mumbling, fat old night-mare, and robbed of my rest. But I have just now witnessed a most cheering sight. Mistress has been practising the last act of a lying-in incantation, under the guidance of this old Hecate; namely, the going up *nine* of the garret stairs and down again, for good luck, before she descends to the drawing-room, where I have now the happiness of seeing her placed with her dear baby on an easy sopha by her own fire-side, from which I send you this, and am, Sir,

Your most obedient servant,
and constant reader,
EZEKIEL DRY.

THE CONQUEST OF THE ISLAND OF CELEBES.

By AUGUSTUS VON KOTZEBUE.

FEW indeed have been the conquests of which any honest man could boast, as they are almost invariably undertaken at the suggestion of ambition, the love of power, or the thirst of wealth. Of these three furies, by whose scourges conquerors are urged forward, the last is the most odious and the most cruel: hence the conquest of the Island of Celebes, begun by the Dutch in 1560, is one of the most disgraceful in history. If I relate the circumstances attending it, I shall prove at the same time, that our days have not witnessed the greatest atrocities.

Celebes, as every reader knows, is a large island situated to the north-west of the Moluccas. The excessive heat of the climate would perhaps render it uninhabitable, were it not moderated by frequent storms and torrents of rain. The King of Macassar was the most powerful of the sovereigns of Celebes. On each of his provinces nature had bountifully conferred some rich or useful gift. The mountains produce gold, copper, and tin; the forests yield ebony, sandal, and other valuable species of woods; the rivers abound with fish, and the vallies are perfumed with orange trees. Every branch is laden with the most delicious fruit. The finest cotton grows without culture, and the silkworm produces in the open air her most delicate web. The groves are enlivened by innumerable birds, with variegated plumage and enchanting notes; and no where do the fields afford such luxuriant pasturage. Here feed large herds of buffaloes, horses, and stags, free from the alarms of tigers, lions, and elephants, for these formidable animals are unknown in Celebes. The apes alone are troublesome, from

their numbers, and would be still more so, were it not for the incessant persecution of a large species of serpent.

Secure harbours invite ships to the island, whose capital is called Mancassara. The inhabitants were formerly pagans, but the Portuguese Christians came hither from the Moluccas, and the Mahometans from Sumatra; the former preached the Gospel, the latter the Koran. The King of Macassar was at a loss which of these doctrines to adopt. He consulted the wisest of his subjects, and these, in their simplicity, advised him to embrace that faith whose ministers should first reach him, since God could not possibly permit error to arrive before truth. These poor people did not know, that error universally outstrips truth, and sometimes leaves it at a great distance behind. The Mahometans actually arrived first, and thus the Koran gained the victory over the Bible. The Portuguese were, however, allowed to trade throughout the whole country, and even to erect a fort. These proceedings were not witnessed without envy by the Dutch.

In 1560 the Dutch company sent ambassadors from Batavia to Sambanco, King of Macassar, requesting permission to trade in his dominions. It was granted with the utmost cheerfulness, and the Dutch availed themselves of it to their great advantage. But these greedy traders soon remarked, that their profits would be just double were it not for the Portuguese. The ruin of these rivals was immediately decreed: but to effect it was not an easy task. The Portuguese had obtained firm footing in the island; they were beloved by the people, and highly esteemed by the king. Their enemies were sensible that they would not have to contend with them alone, but with the whole country in which they had been so hospitably received. For this purpose troops would be required.—How and where were these to be landed? By nothing but the blackest treachery could troops be introduced into the island, whose presence should at first excite no apprehensions in the natives. They had recourse to an expedient, which modern times have improved upon.

In each of the ships which annually visited Macassar, were embarked a number of soldiers in disguise, who, under the accustomed pretext of trade, dispersed themselves in the provinces, especially in one that had recently been conquered, where they hoped the more easily to excite disturbances. Among these interlopers there were not more than three or four who were in the secret, and who were bound by the most tremendous oaths. It was resolved not to throw off the mask till the number of soldiers should be sufficient for the execution of the project: till then to lull the king and his grandees into security by presents and smooth words; and also to behave with caution to the Portuguese and Jesuits, so as not to excite in them any suspicion. Thus robbers disguise themselves as travellers, and apply for a night's lodging in the house which they design to plunder, are hospitably received, and dispatch the owner. This is not the only occasion on which avarice has employed so disgraceful a stratagem; but devoutly were it to be

wished, that it may be the last on which it shall be successfully employed.

For some years the Dutch company was assembling troops in Celebes in the manner already described, and was not only in silence stirring up one province to rebellion, but striving in vain to sow the seeds of discord in the royal family itself. When they thought themselves strong enough, they considered it to be no longer worth their while to dissemble. An army was quickly collected, advanced upon the capital, and had already passed a stream which separated them from the insurgent province, before the king had any suspicion of so base and treacherous a design. No sooner, however, was he aware of their intention than he showed himself worthy of his throne; he assembled his faithful subjects, the nation took up arms, and the robbers were driven beyond the frontier stream. Here they posted themselves in the hope of speedy reinforcements from Batavia. The king attempted in vain to drive them from this strong position; but harassed them by incessant attacks, and daily diminished their numbers.

In this desperate situation they had recourse to a satanic expedient, for the thirst of conquest despises no expedient whatever. They had remarked that the enemy came down in the night to the river for water. They immediately sent out people who were born and bred in the mountains, and who were acquainted with the poisonous herbs which there grew in abundance. In this intensely hot climate there are some of so poisonous a nature, that you cannot inhale their odour without endangering life. Of these a sufficient quantity was collected to impregnate the current. It was necessary, indeed, to calculate the moment with accuracy. The Dutch took notice at what hour the royal troops were accustomed to drink, and for several miles above, threw the poisonous plants into the river, carefully observing the velocity of the stream; and after a few experiments, at length succeeded so far, that the waters, pregnant with death, passed the royal camp just at the moment when the natives repaired to it to quench their thirst.

The infernal stratagem succeeded. Many died on the spot, while others crawled to their tents, and there expired. Dismay seized the whole camp. This horrid spectacle was repeated several days, before the real cause was suspected. The diminished army now fled from the fatal stream; the Dutch immediately crossed it, and pursued their enemies to the walls of the capital, which they surrounded, and cut off all supplies, while two of their ships blockaded the harbour. All the rice-fields were set on fire, all the neighbouring villages were plundered, and those who escaped the sword, were obliged to betake themselves to the mountains.

The king had a valiant brother, named Daen Ma Allé, who often made bold sallies. The Dutch always retreated, hoping to reduce by hunger what they could not conquer by main force. Provisions soon grew scarce in the besieged town; rice was sold for its weight in gold; and for several months the wretched inhabitants supported their lives on leather boiled in water.

The king anxiously awaited the arrival of the Portuguese ships,

which used annually to arrive about this period in his harbours. At length they appeared, but at the same time more than thirty vessels under Dutch colours, which surrounded the few Portuguese ships, and cut them off in sight of the town. Two of the Dutchmen landed fresh plunderers, who immediately joined the poisoners. Five others attacked the Portuguese fort, and in one day battered it down. The greatest part of the garrison, together with the brave commandant, were buried in the ruins. All the rest resolved to die with arms in their hands. The governor's widow, a high-spirited woman (who puts to shame many a man of modern times), determined not to survive her husband: she ordered the guns to be charged with ingots of gold, precious stones, and all the other valuables that could be collected; then seized the match herself, and discharged them into the sea, to disappoint the rapacity of the Dutch. She then flew to the most dangerous situations, and bravely fighting, found the death which she sought.

Of the Portuguese squadron, composed of seven ships, three were burned, two sunk, and only two taken. The commanders of all the seven were killed; their glory was buried with them in the waves, but the disgrace remained with the conquerors, who now attacked the capital by land and sea. To their astonishment they still met with a desperate resistance; the king and his brother performed prodigies of valour; and it was not till great part of the walls, together with the royal palace, had been blown into the air by a mine, that the unfortunate prince sued for peace. He was obliged to submit to all the conditions which the conquerors thought fit to impose. The fort and the harbour, with a district of several miles, were ceded to the Dutch; the Jesuits were expelled, their houses and churches destroyed, and their effects confiscated, to indemnify the Dutch (as they pretended) for the expences of an embassy to China, which had miscarried through the intrigues of that fraternity. The Portuguese were deprived of all the offices and dignities which the king had conferred on them; their warehouses were shut up, and their fortifications destroyed. Such of them as chose to remain in the country, were obliged to renounce trade, and to live in exile in a distant village. The king was forced to send an embassy with valuable presents to Batavia, to obtain a ratification of the treaty. At this high price the Dutch promised to give him no farther molestation, and even to protect him in case of necessity. The king reluctantly subscribed this disgraceful treaty; but the brave Daen Ma Allé refused his assent, and chusing rather to quit his subjugated country, fled to Syria, where he ended his days in poverty, but in freedom.

Thus did the Dutch obtain possession of the Island of Celebes. It is unfortunately the same with the conquests of nations, as with the riches of individuals: be the source whence either flowed ever so impure; be the means by which they were gained ever so disgraceful, all is forgotten; time sanctions every injustice; and the acclamations of flatterers stifle the voice of conscience, should it ever be raised within the guilty bosom.

THE MODERN SPECTATOR.

No. XVIII.

The sportive Muse is my physician,
To cure the folly and the madness
Of pride, of envy and ambition,
Of spleen and melancholy sadness:
Whene'er I strike the jocund lyre,
That instant, driven from their seat,
The dæmons of the mind retire,
And go and persecute the great.

Works of imagination are more generally admired, because there are few who have not experienced some passion. Most persons are better pleased with the beauty of a description than the depth of an idea, because they have felt more than they have seen, and seen more than they have reflected. Hence it may be concluded, that the paintings of the passions must be more generally agreeable than those of natural objects; and a poetical description of the same objects must find more admirers than a philosophical investigation of them.

In alluding to the pleasures of poetry, or the happiness which may arise from an alliance with the Muses, I do not confine my notion to the writing of verses, but the combined powers of invention, fancy, and imagination, that form what I shall call the *poetical principle;* and which, by giving a certain direction, as well as colour, to our thoughts, confers on them a certain poetic character, and so arranges and decorates our ideas, as to be a continual source of pleasure, tho' they are never clothed in verse, or embodied in any form. This spirit, or intellectual muse, if only made the companion or inmate, and not the mistress, of our mind, is one of the most valuable qualities, acquisitions, or gifts, which the mind can possess. It tends to heighten our joys by its enlivening, elevating faculties, and to lessen our sorrows by its amusive and heart-soothing power. It adds to the beauty of every object, by quickening the discernment of what is beauty; and by clothing philosophy in the garb of taste and fancy, it endears the pursuits of learning and of science, by strewing flowers in the paths which lead to their temple.

It does not occur to me, that Fenelon ever wrote verses; but no qualified reader of his *Telemachus* will be insensible to his possession, in a very high degree, of the poetical faculty. The invention which gave birth to that immortal work, the language in which it is clothed, the images by which its sentiments are enriched and illustrated, as well as the episodes which enlarge its variety, combine to justify its being styled an epic poem in prose.

The *Temple de Gnide* of Montesquieu has all the essentials of poetry, but the measure; and, such was the vigour of his imagination, that even in his profound treatise of the *Spirit of Laws,* thoughts may be frequently discovered which have all the colour and expression of poetry. Thus it is not the actual composition of poems which I consider as a source of genuine, intellectual pleasure; but the aggregate

sentiment, however applied, from which poetry must spring, and without which no man can be a poet.

The various objects of which the visible world is composed, were formed by nature to delight our senses; and as it is this alone that makes them desirable to an uncorrupted taste, a man may be said naturally to possess them, when he possesses those enjoyments which they are fitted by nature to yield. Hence it is usual with me, by a very pleasing, and as, I trust, innocent exertion of the imagination, to consider myself as having a natural property in every object that administers pleasure to me.

When I am in the country, all the fine places near my residence, and to which I have access, I regard, or at least enjoy, as my own. I plant wastes, enlarge rivers, and make lakes, as well as decorate their banks, by the power of my fancy. If I have not the faith which can remove mountains, I have an imagination which effectually performs that task, to answer my own purpose, and improve the scene to my own mind. When I ride round the extensive park of a great and opulent neighbour, or stray through his beautiful groves and decorated gardens, I consider them as my own temporary property. The fine scenery of the one, and the music and fragrance of the others, are mine while I enjoy them; and my senses receive all the gratification which they are capable of bestowing. On these principles I am possessed of some of the finest seats in England, which belong to several of my neighbours, who visit them but for a small part of the year, and leave their real enjoyment to me; while the pursuits of ambition, of interest, or what they call pleasure, confine them to the circles of the metropolis. Nor is this all; when I become an inmate of any of these families in my neighbourly visits to them, I consider the lord of the mansion, or the master of the house, as my steward, who, during my abode with him, eases me of the care of providing for myself every convenience and pleasure which is afforded me.

As I sometimes, though but rarely, pass a few weeks in London, I practise there, also, my leading maxim, founded on the principle of practical poetry—that he is the true possessor of a thing who enjoys it, and not the person who owns it without enjoying it. Thus I assume to myself a property in all the fine carriages which pass me in the streets: whatever may be their taste and figure, the skill of their drivers, the beauty of their horses, or the figure of those who sit within, they are my amusements while they pass by me, and for no longer a period do I wish to possess them. The splendour of a drawing-room at St. James's, and the elegance of a full night at the Opera, are in the possession of such a spectator as myself; and I consider the decorated and brilliant figures in these assemblages of pride, fashion, and beauty, as so many finely feathered birds in a menagerie, or flowers in a garden, for the gratification of my eye, and the contemplation of my mind. A gallery of pictures, or a cabinet of curiosities, to which I have free access, I consider as my own. In short, all that I desire is the use and view of things, let who will have the keeping of them. By

this maxim I enjoy the wealth of the wealthy, the splendour of the splendid, and the fashion of the fashionable; with this difference, that I am not subject to their cares, nor an object of that envy which so often accompanies their exterior prosperity and enjoyments.

But wherever I may be, numberless inoffensive and natural gratifications occur to me, from this poetical principle, from the muse within me. It is this that gives me, or at least I fancy that I possess, a portion of Lavater's faculty, by which I can perceive the index of a man's mind in his features. Hence it is that I add to my amusements by translating countenances; and as I encourage no disposition in me, but such as is of a benevolent nature, I never employ this sagacity but on subjects, the first glance on whom does not create the expectation that my scrutinizing enquiry will not discover some good, great, or amiable qualities. Where the first impression is favourable, I instantly pass on in search of something which may gratify a better feeling, than must be awakened by human infirmity. But this poetical spirit can never want enjoyment while the eye has nature before it. An azure sky, the breaking day, and a setting sun, never deceive. The pale moon and the firmament studded with stars, as they are regular in their variety, may be said to be unvarying. In the contemplation of such objects, as a poetical mind contemplates them, those delightful effusions of thought are awakened, that high wrought, dignifying, improving sentiment pervades the mind, that sense of independent existence is produced, which the mere pride and power of life can never know. The sitting upon a stile, and looking over the field of yellow corn, bending and rising in the breeze, with a poetic eye, will afford a satisfaction which he who reaps the harvest, perhaps, never knew. Without such a faculty as I have been describing, the highest state of life, to say no worse, will be insipid, and in the possession of it the most adverse condition may command the enlivening beams of comfort.

The powers of imagination, like every other faculty of the mind, depend for their good or ill effects on the nature of their direction; and I have described them in myself, as I trust they have been, and ever will be, under the influence and regulation of reason. Addressed to proper objects, and called into action on fit occasions, they will not fail, as I have already observed, to heighten the pleasures and lessen the evils of our existence.

A poetical correspondent has favoured me with a fable so suited to my subject, that I shall make no apology to my readers for concluding this lucubration with it.

THE

POWER OF IMAGINATION;

OR,

The Dove and the Looking-Glass.

A FABLE.

I never will invoke the Muse
To utter scandal or abuse;
But some good moral to impart,
To soften and improve the heart:
Or when winds blow and tempests lower,
To pass away the dreary hour,
Each sullen fancy to destroy,
Awake the spirits into joy:
Fancy, the source of many a woe,
And many a pleasure here below;

'Tis Fancy gives, we often find,
Delusive sorrows to the mind;
Unreal pleasures often flow
From Fancy, too, as well as woe.
Since then in life's uncertain hour
Fancy exerts such ample power,
Let us the busy phantom bless,
And guide it to our happiness*:
—How to attain the curious skill
Of binding Fancy to the will,
I mean, as well as I am able,
To teach, like Æsop, in a fable.
Two Turtle-Doves, within a cage,
Liv'd free from envy, hate, or rage;
No foreign or domestic strife,
Disturb'd their inoffensive life.
Become the tender *Delia's* charge,
They happier liv'd, than if at large
They had been left, within the groves,
To take their flight and coo their loves.
No care they had,—no sorrow knew,
And fonder of each other grew.
But fate, whose unrelenting sway
Creatures of all kinds must obey,
Sent forth his mandate to destroy
This fabric of connubial joy.
The envious, fatal arrow sped;
The faithful lover hangs his head,
Falls from his perch, and flutt'ring lies,—
He coos his last—he pants—he dies.
The widow'd bird, immers'd in grief,
Rufuses ev'n the least relief.
No heartfelt sigh, no plaintive moan,
No trickling tear, or piteous groan,
Its inexpressive woes declare;
But silent, the dejected fair
Broods o'er the sad, disastrous fate,
Which robb'd her of her darling mate:
Thus did she pine her hours away,
To stubborn grief a willing prey.
Ah! Delia, tender, gentle fair,
Thy bird eludes thy anxious care!
Ah! nought avails thy moisten'd eye,
Soon will the little favourite die!
Another mate might cure the wound,
But where's another to be found?
Fancy alone has power to save
The hapless mourner from the grave.
By Delia's magic fingers plac'd,
With looking-glass the prison's grac'd.
Around the cage the mirrors shine,
Each mirror gives a form divine,
Such as the tender lover bore,
Ere life and happiness were o'er.
The sadd'ning Turtle turns her eyes,
And sees the welcome figure rise;
She fancies that her love returns,
With all her former rapture burns,
And, as she does the vision bless,
Renews her life and happiness.
But what's a fable such as mine,
Unless I add the moral line?
I'll do like other fabling men;
Nay, for one line I'll give you ten.
Fancy, to mortals kindly given
By the indulgent will of Heaven,
To gild our passage as we stray
Through life's inhospitable day,
When pointed to its proper end,
Is Virtue's sister, Wisdom's friend;
Takes rigour from the face of truth;
Conveys to age the glow of youth;
And gives a more alluring dress
To the fair form of happiness.

A. B.

* Fancy, as it promotes or lessens human comfort, applies itself, in the former sense, to the happy; in the latter, to the wretched; thereby keeping the balance even between both.

ON COMMERCE.

No. XXIII.

Although the inhabitants of Madagascar seem but little disposed to keep up a regular commerce with Europeans, from their former ill usage of them; yet, by proper behaviour, and dealing fairly and justly with them, a very extensive and lucrative trade might be carried on

here; as they are more enlightened than the Africans in general, being possessed and making use of those means which the best instructed nations have invented, for the facilitating of commerce and the arts in general. They understand arithmetic in a manner not much differing from the Europeans, having derived it from the same source, viz. the Arabians: they calculate from the unit to a million, and have proper terms for expressing the various combinations of figures which compose all sorts of sums. They make use also of pens, ink, and paper: the first of which are made of reeds, called in their language *voulou;* the second is composed of a decoction of woods, and named *arandranto;* and the third, which is made of the middle bark of a tree, they call *avo.* Their weights are few, and are not used, except in weighing gold and silver; the largest of them does not exceed our drachm (they make use neither of the ounce nor the pound), and this weight they call *somai;* their smallest weight, being six grains, they name *nanque:* all other commodities are disposed of by barter; or rather exchanged by estimation. Their dry measures are, the *monchu,* which contains six pounds of clean rice; the *voule,* which holds half a pound; and the *zatou* of 100 voules, or 50 pounds avoirdupoise. Their long measure, and the only one which they have, is called *refe,* and is much the same with the European fathom.

Some of the arts and trades they have brought so near to perfection, as to be worthy of admiration: they not only extract their iron from the ore by fusion, but afterwards manufacture it skilfully into hatchets, hammers, anvils, knives, spears, pikes, and several other sorts of arms, together with all kinds of household utensils. Their goldsmiths make ear-pendants, and other ornamental trinkets. Their potters burn and varnish their wares nearly as well as in Europe, but in a different manner and with different materials. Their turners turn all sorts of wood, both hard and soft, into various articles. They also make canoes, either for going to sea, or to be used upon rivers. Their carpenters and joiners worked by rule and line before the Europeans came amongst them; and since they have become acquainted with and use our tools, their works are not much inferior to those of Europe. Their rope-makers fabricate cordage, of all lengths and sizes, from the bark of trees, which is almost equal to hemp. Their weaving is performed by the women only, the men thinking it beneath them: the clothes and stuffs they produce from cotton, silk, and some from the filaments of the bark of particular trees and several sorts of plants, are, in fabric, design, and colour, very little, if at all inferior, to some of the works of European weavers and dyers.

MERCATOR & Co.

FRAGMENTS AND ANECDOTES.

THE EMPRESS CATHARINE.

It is well known that the channel of the Duna, near Riga, is more or less choaked with sand by its own annual inundations; and in the reign of the empress Catharine, appre-

hensions had long been entertained that the river would be rendered unnavigable by this alluvial deposit. Several expert men had already been charged by the empress to obviate the danger if possible; and at length she sent the brave General Weismann, whom she loved and esteemed. He expended large sums, but accomplished nothing. After his death, General Bawr was commissioned by the empress to enquire into the cause of this failure, and to present his report on the subject to her in person. In this report he expressed, without reserve, his disapprobation of the plans of his predecessor, and delivered it to Catharine herself in her cabinet. The empress was by no means fickle in her friendships; whoever once gained her esteem, was sure of retaining a place in her affections. When, therefore, she found that Bawr censured a man whose memory was dear to her, she angrily threw the report on the table, saying, "It is not true." The general, with due respect, began to vindicate himself; but the empress, with a stern look, repeated, "It is not true;" and Bawr was silent. Catharine, who likewise kept silence, walked to and fro in her cabinet, and as she brushed by the table on which the report lay, threw down the latter. Bawr, not sure whether this was done accidentally or on purpose, immediately picked it up, and again laid it on the table. The empress threw it a second time on the floor, and the general now suffered it to lie there. It was not two minutes before Catharine's indignation, which arose from a generous source, was over; she suddenly turned round, and, with an affability peculiar to herself, "Pardon me, general," said she, "I was a woman." Bawr, with profound emotion, fell at her feet; she gave him her hand to kiss, and then made a sign to him to reach the report, which she calmly went through with him.

REMARKABLE CUSTOM.

The young Princess Renée de Bourbon was married in the beginning of the 16th century to the Duke of Lorraine. Before her public entry into Nancy, the inhabitants of the village of Laxou, through which she was obliged to pass, prepared a rural festival in her honour, which pleased her so much, that she procured the release of these peasants from an extraordinary kind of service. Close to the palace there was an extensive morass, which these poor people were obliged to beat all night long, after the marriage of a prince, that the frogs might not croak.

The inhabitants of the village of Montureux were obliged to do the same for their abbot, when he was going to sleep.—They sung at the same time:—

> Pâ, pâ renotte *(paix grenouille)* pâ,
> Vecy Mr. l'Abbé que Dieu gâ *(garde.)*

IMPERIAL CONSCIENCE.

Anthony de Cryna one day advised Charles V. to rid himself, by degrees, of several Italian princes, and to seize their dominions. "But conscience?" replied Charles—"Poh! poh! conscience!" rejoined Cryna, "if your majesty has a conscience, you ought not to be emperor."

THE ABBE GRANCEY.

The Abbé Grancey ought to have been a soldier. He accompanied the army to the field, and risked his life equally with the bravest

grenadier, merely that he might enjoy the pious pleasure of absolving the dying on the field of battle. He at last fell himself in the battle of Turin. A wag observed on this occasion, that the Abbé Grancey had died of joy, because he was killed by a cannon-ball.

THE WALDENSES AND THE FIELD-MICE.

During the reign of Francis I. of France, the inhabitants of the villages of Cabrieres and Mérindole, in Provence, declared in favour of the doctrine of the Waldenses, which the king was extremely anxious to prevent from penetrating into his dominions. He was, therefore, highly exasperated against these new converts, and ordered Chasseneux, president of the parliament of Provence, to proceed against them with the utmost rigour. The president, an upright, tolerant man, reluctantly obeyed. Orders were issued for the apprehension of the heads of the sect; but both congregations loudly declared, that they were all devoted with equal zeal to their faith. It was consequently necessary to institute proceedings against them all; and they all unanimously acknowledged themselves guilty, and obstinately persisted in their error, as it was termed. As the king had expressly commanded that the same punishment should be inflicted on them as on other heretics, Chasseneux found himself obliged to pass the following severe sentence upon them:—That the heads of the congregations should be burned alive, the others expelled the kingdom, their effects confiscated, and their houses razed to the ground, unless, within a stated period, they should renounce their errors. No sooner had the philanthropic magistrate pronounced this rigid doom, than he himself, more dejected than any of those who were involved in it, took a solitary walk to consider how he might delay the execution of the sentence. He was met by an old friend, a Burgundian nobleman, with whom he had contracted an intimacy whilst he was king's advocate at Autun. The honest Burgundian being informed of the cause of his obvious uneasiness, replied, with a smile, "Have you then already forgotten a circumstance that happened at Autun? The mice plundered the fields; the enraged peasants—good Catholics enough to be sure—applied to the bishop, requesting that he would excommunicate the depredators. The bishop was somewhat perplexed; he wished not to exasperate the people, and at the same time not to expose the inefficacy of his anathemas. On this occasion you yourself advised him to appeal to the canon law, which enjoined him not to condemn any one unheard; it was, therefore, but right that he should first summon the mice before his tribunal—and then, should they obstinately refuse to obey the summons, he might convict them of contumacy. The bishop followed your advice; the peasants thought it perfectly reasonable: the bishop cited the mice to appear on a certain day; meanwhile came hail and rain; the excommunication was pronounced at the right time, and the whole race of mice perished."—Chasseneux embraced his friend, and immediately made known, that the contumacious congregations had a respite of above a year allowed them.

Meanwhile he procured pardons from the king for such as should submit within a certain time after the expiration of that period. This excellent man would certainly have accomplished his purpose by degrees, and the affair would at length have sunk into oblivion, had he not been poisoned by the furious enemies of toleration. His bloodthirsty successors enforced the sentence to its full extent.

ARCHBISHOP TILLOTSON.

The celebrated Dr. Tillotson, Archbishop of Canterbury, was a remarkably absent man. One day, being in conversation with some person, a gnat stung his leg. The doctor stooped, and scratched his neighbour's leg for some time, without discovering his mistake.

On another occasion this divine was going, with three friends as absent as himself, from London to Windsor. In the coach a learned argument took place on some philosophical topic or other. Having proceeded about half way, they perceived that the coachman drove very slowly. Desmaiseaux, a Frenchman, who was one of the party, put his head out of the window, and cried, *Allons donc! allons donc!*—"Drive on." The coachman supposing that he had said, "To London," replied, "If you please, gentlemen," and turned the carriage. The disputation in the coach continued, and the four absent literati actually reached the turnpike at Hyde-Park Corner, before they perceived the driver's mistake; and that, instead of going to Windsor, where a good dinner was waiting for them, they were returning to the same spot from which they had shortly before set out.

MARSILIUS FICINUS.

Marsilius Ficinus, a celebrated scholar of Florence, flourished in the fifteenth century. He enjoyed the esteem of the Medici, and was so warmly attached to the Platonic philosophy, that he kept a lamp constantly burning in his room before Plato's portrait. He had an intimate friend, named Michael Mercati, with whom he very frequently conversed on the immortality of the soul. They solemnly promised to pay one another a visit after death. One day Mercati was sitting in an apartment at his country-house, when he suddenly heard the sound of a horse advancing, and a voice like that of Ficinus pronouncing the words, *Michael, Michael, vera, vera sunt illa*—"Michael, Michael, it is very true." Mercati looked out and beheld Ficinus gallopping by on his grey horse. Some days afterwards he received intelligence that Ficinus had expired at that very hour. This story passed at the time for fact among all the literati of Italy.

PHILIP THE BOLD AND JOHN WITHOUT FEAR.

Philip of France, surnamed the *Bold*, was taken prisoner with his father, King John, at the battle of Poictiers, and carried to London. One day the two princes were dining at the same table with our Edward III. when Philip gave the principal attendant a sound box on the ear. "Where did you learn, fellow," said he, "to wait on the King of England before the King of France, when they are together at table?"—"Faith, cousin," replied Edward, not at all angry, "you are not called Philip the Bold for nothing."

The prince received this surname

in the above-mentioned battle, when, though only fourteen years of age, he fought with extraordinary courage. He certainly had a much better right to it than his son to the appellation of John without Fear. The latter was incessantly tormented with concern for his life, and by remorse. After he had assassinated the Duke of Orleans, he caused a tower to be erected, containing a room without windows, the low doors of which he himself opened in the morning, and secured every night, with a caution which fear and conscious guilt could alone inspire. The executioner was one of his best friends and courtiers, his name was Chapeluche, and he was afterwards sentenced to die for various crimes. When he came to the scaffold, and perceived that the person who was to behead him seemed very inexpert at the business, he desired that his arms might be loosed, instructed the man how to proceed, and tried the sword upon his nail, to see whether it was sharp enough, just for all the world, says the chronicle, as though he had been going to perform the operation on another. He then commended his soul to God, and his head was struck off.

JOHN DUKE OF ANJOU.

When John Duke of Anjou marched with an army against Naples, to make himself master of that city, he ordered these words from the Gospel of St. John to be inscribed on his colours: *Fuit missus cui nomen erat Johannes*—"There was a man sent from God whose name was John." Alphonso of Arragon, who defended the city, immediately caused the following passage from the same Gospel to be inscribed on his:—*Venit et non receperunt eum*—"He came, and they received him not."

GRATITUDE OF PRINCES.

The Greek Emperor Basilius caused a man to be executed who had saved his life when hunting, because he had on this occasion drawn his sword in his presence. Another sovereign ordered the hands of a slave to be cut off, because the latter, when he was near drowning had dragged him out of the water by the hair, and in so doing had laid hands on his master's head. A nobleman was sentenced to die by a Spanish monarch, because, when the queen was riding, and her horse had run away with her hanging in the stirrup, he had hastened to her assistance and relieved her from this most perilous situation, but at the same time had seen and touched her foot.

REMARKABLE ANTIPATHIES.

Henry III. of France could not remain alone in a room where a cat was. The brave Duke d'Epernon fainted at the sight of a rabbit. Marshal Albert was taken ill whenever a pig was brought to table. Ladislaus, King of Poland, ran away at the sight of apples. The smell of fish always threw Erasmus into a fever. Scaliger trembled all over whenever he saw cresses. Tycho Brahe could scarcely support himself if he met a hare or a fox. Every eclipse of the moon threw Lord Chancellor Bacon into fainting fits. Boyle was seized with convulsions at the noise of water running from a cock. La Mothe le Vayer could not endure the sound of any musical instrument, but received the most exquisite pleasure from thunder.

MADEMOISELLE RAUCOUR.

Mademoiselle Raucour, a celebrated French actress, was one day taking the diversion of shooting with the Marquis de Bievre, who was remarkable for his puns and bon-mots. She took aim at a crow, which she missed, and at the same time got entangled among some bushes: *Vous comptiez prendre Corneille*, said the marquis; *mais vous avez pris Racine.*

When this same actress made her debut at the Theatre Françoise, she had, like all beginners, a great number of cabals to struggle with; but nobody was so violent against her as Mademoiselle Vestris. The public was acquainted with the antipathy of the latter. During the performance a cat suddenly set up the most hideous mewing. "I would lay a wager," cried a wag in the pit, "that is Vestris' cat."

SCARAMOUCHE.

Louis XIV. invited Scaramouche, the famous Italian actor, into France, and after coming to a proper understanding, the droll accepted the invitation. He presented himself at court in his theatrical costume; but with the addition of the cloak, as it was commonly worn at that time. He quitted this covering, however, in the presence of the king, to whom he shewed himself as the *véritable* Scaramouche, holding in one hand his guitar, and accompanied by a dog and a perroquet, each of which bore its part in a little concert which he performed before his majesty. These two *dilletanti* were placed, one at the head of his guitar, the other on a stool. They sung a song, the words of which being formed completely on a *jeu de mots*, dependent on the musical pronounciation, cannot be equivalently translated.

"These three animals," says Mezetin, "performed their parts so well, that the king took a liking to the middle one." [Scaramouche.]

This was not the first time of his enchanting the ears of princes by musical imitations of the voices of animals. He fled from Naples to Florence, where he presented himself to the Grand Duke, as a musician of the Viceroy of Naples. Being desired to give some specimen of his art, he first rambled agreeably over the strings of his guitar, a few grimaces succeeded, and then a slight imitation of the tones of the long-eared animal, which were more completely exemplified in certain stanzas, of which the following is humbly offered as a translation.

SONG I.—*With variations and imitations.*

The Ass in love o'er head and ears,
Brays moody madness every hour,
Like one enrapt'd by music's power,
Bellows his misery, grief, and fears;—
Hear how his trembling love-notes jar!—
Ut re mi fa sol la [braying],
HE HO! HE HO! HE HO! HA!

But if his love he chance to meet,
His brays resounding mark his joys:—
Like one who leads with hand and voice
A numerous band;—and her to greet
How sprightly now his love-notes are!
Ut re mi fa sol la [braying],
HE HO! HE HO! HE HO! HA!

Haply he finds her at the rack!—
Forgets his toils, forgets his rambles;
He leaps, he skips, he frisks, he gambols,
Ere the pack-saddle quits his back;
He shouts his true love notes: *hah! hah!*
Ut re mi fa sol la [braying],
HE HO! HE HO! HE HO! HA—A—AH!!!

Whatever merit these verses possess, the music composed to express their meaning, with the manner of executing it, gave them that irresistible force, which obliged the Grand Duke to hold his sides, un-

der the oppression of laughter. When this fit was over, he requested another, if possible, equally exhilarating. Scaramouche readily obliged him by a second, which the duke had scarcely heard, when his rapture was so great, that he ran and embraced the performer, and begged his acceptance of a hundred pistoles.

This song was an imitation of the notes of an animal more domestic than the former.

SONG II.—*With variations and imitations.*

Love, what a barbarous shaft was that,
Shot from thy bow at my Tom Cat!
I am so vex'd,
I would he were unsex'd:
Then never should he feel thy am'rous pain,
Nor be thy fool, nor be thy slave again;
Nor with his catly kind seek interview—O;
Nor din the neighbours with his piteous *miew—O!*
Miew--O! miew--au--O!! miew--au--au--O!!!

Now roams he o'er the roof and o'er the gutter:
What shrieks, what lamentations doth he utter!
I hear his groans;
I know his moans:
His very heart, his lungs, his liver,
Burn with fierce anguish from thy quiver;
Alone he moans, his dreadful fate to rue—O,
Or call his belle to hear his piteous *miew—O!*
Miew--O! miew--au--O!! miew--au--au-O!!!

THE BITER BIT.

In the year 1776 (or not long after) a very rich merchant of Lyons being at Paris, called on one of his correspondents: he found him in a room separated from the house and completely private; and they were alone together: suddenly the Parisian presented a pistol on full cock, with a draught for a hundred thousand livres, which he insisted that his Lyonese friend should sign. The visitor was at first struck dumb; but gradually recollecting himself, "Don't let us be vexed for such a trifle," said he, "the thing is easy enough." He then drew from his pocket a little writing-case, in which was a small pen. "What is that for?" said the Parisian; "here are pens and ink." "No," said the Lyonese, "I can write with my own pens only." He then breathed on his pen (this was indispensable) and seemed during a few moments to endeavour to write with it, but it proved to be too dry. "*Ma foi!*" said he, after having scrawled without making a mark, "this will not write—give me your's." Then using the pen and ink before him, he wrote his name at full length, in his usual form. Instantly on quitting the house he ran and made his affidavit of this fact. The cause was brought into court: the signature was proved: there was no witness of any violence used. The judge seemed to to think the signature a forgery. "Forged!" said the Parisian, "my friend gave it me freely, in open day, as we were sitting together very sociably in my private room. He tried a good while to make use of his own pen and ink; but as his would not mark, he asked me for mine, and used them." The Lyonese being cross-examined as to the truth of this story, acknowledged it was true, *verbatim;* but he pointed out the place where he had, not without intention, scrawled a few strokes. The judge threw on this spot a certain powder, which was handed to him, when immediately certain letters became visible to all the court, who read on this bill, thus improved, immediately under the signature, "*Forced from me; pistol in hand.*"

Plate 16.—QUEEN-SQUARE, BLOOMSBURY.

Queen-Square, situated to the eastward of Bloomsbury-Square, is a handsome area, surrounded on three sides by good houses, having an extensive garden in the center, with a statue of her Majesty Queen Charlotte, erected at the expence of the late General Strode. The north side formerly commanded fine views of Hampstead and Highgate, now shut out by Guildford-street, with which this square has no communication, though separated from it only by open iron railing.

On the west side stands the church of St. George the Martyr. The erection of this edifice was occasioned by the great increase of inhabitants in the parish of St. Andrew, Holborn. Several of those who resided at the extremity of the parish having proposed to erect a chapel for religious worship, Sir Streynsham Master and fourteen other gentlemen were appointed trustees for the management of the business. In 1705 they contracted for the building of a chapel and two houses for £3,500, intending to reimburse themselves by the sale of pews. The edifice being finished the next year, they settled annual stipends for the maintenance of a chaplain, an afternoon preacher, and clerk; but the commissioners for erecting fifty new churches in the metropolis purchased the building, caused a certain district to be appointed for its parish, and had it consecrated in 1723, when it was dedicated to St. George, in compliment to Sir Streynsham Master, who had been governor of Fort St. George in the East Indies.

This church is a plain brick building without steeple, and destitute of any pretensions to elegance, though convenient and well lighted. The interior is of the composite order, with beautiful enrichments. The rectory, like that of St. Andrew, is in the gift of the Duke of Buccleugh. Among the rectors of eminence who have held this living may be mentioned Dr. Stukely, author of several learned antiquarian publications, and Dr. Luxmore, afterwards Bishop of Bristol.

INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

R. Ackermann intends publishing, in the course of a few days, a large coloured print of *Highgate Archway*, now erecting under the direction of Mr. Nash, and which we understand will be one of the finest pieces of scenery in Great Britain.

The *Sudburiad*, a volume of poems in 8vo. by Hamilton Roche, Esq. of the Cottage, Sudbury, is in the press, and will shortly appear.

Mr. Paul is engaged upon an engraving in aquatinta, illustrative of *A Corporate Borough Procession* advancing to their Moot or Town-Hall, to prepare an Address upon the Assassination of the late Mr. Perceval, from a drawing by Mr. Hamilton Roche, of Sudbury.

A second edition of Miss Burney's *Traits of Nature*, and also of her *Geraldine Fauconberg*, will be published in a few days.

The *Travels of Professor Lichtenstein in Southern Africa*, during the years 1803, 4, 5, and 6, translated from the German, by Anne Plumptre, are nearly ready for publication, and will form one volume quarto, accompanied by engravings from drawings taken on the spot.

The novel which has recently appeared under the title of *Self-Indulgence*, is the production of a lady of high rank, who, before her marriage, figured as one of the brightest luminaries in the hemisphere of fashion; and since her widowhood, has, amidst the wild scenery of the Highlands, cultivated a taste for literature with much success.

The *Biographical Peerage of the United Kingdom*, vol. IV. containing Ireland, is nearly ready for publication.

Sir James Mackintosh, during his residence in Hindoostan, has compiled a *History of England, since the Revolution*, intended to serve as a continuation of Hume's History. It is expected to form four quarto volumes; and report says, that the booksellers have engaged to give him £6000 for the copy-right.

The Rev. Wm. Beloe has completed the sixth volume of his *Anecdotes of Literature*, and it will shortly appear.

The Rev. George Crabbe is preparing a volume of *Tales*, to be printed uniformly with his other works.

In a few days will be published, the *Widower*, a poem, in seven parts.

The Rev. Dr. James Brown has in the press a *Historical and Political Explanation of the Book of Revelation*, intended to show that it is an allegorical representation of the miserable governments of this world, and their final extinction in the reign of the Redeemer.

The History and Antiquities of the County of Lincoln, is about to be illustrated by a translation of the *Chronicle of Ingulphus*, Abbot of Croyland; with biographical, historical, and descriptive notes, accompanied by engraved views, portraits, &c.

Mr. John Malcolm has in the press, a work on the *Topography of Persia*, which will extend to three large volumes in quarto.

The honorary premiums of £200, £100, and £50, offered by government for the three best designs for an immense Penitentiary Prison, for 600 transportable convicts, intended to be established at Mill-Bank, on a system of reformation, long since recommended by the late Mr. Howard, have been awarded to Mr. Williams, Mr. Busby, and Mr. Hervey.

A highly interesting experiment has been made with a machine at Leeds, for the purpose of substituting the agency of steam for the use of horses, in the conveyance of coals on the iron railway, from the mines of J. C. Brandling, Esq.: in fact, a steam-engine of four horses power, which, with the assistance of cranks turning a cog-wheel, and iron cogs placed at one side of the railway, is capable, when lightly loaded, of moving at the speed of ten miles an hour. At four o'clock in the afternoon, the machine ran from the coal-staith to the top of Hunslet-Moor, where six, and afterwards eight waggons of coals, each weighing three tons and a quarter, were hooked to the back part.

With this immense weight, to which, as it approached the town, was superadded that of about fifty of the spectators, mounted upon the waggons, it set off on its return to the coal-staith, and performed the journey, a distance of about a mile and a half, principally on a dead level, in twenty-three minutes, without the slightest accident. The experiment, which was witnessed by thousands of spectators, was crowned with complete success; and when it is considered that this invention is applicable to all rail-roads, and that, upon the works of Mr. Brandling alone, the use of fifty horses will be dispensed with, and the corn necessary for the consumption of at least 200 men saved, it cannot but be hailed as an invention of great public utility.

The government of France, previous to the Revolution, having determined to suppress the public burial-places in Paris, from an idea that they were detrimental to the health of the inhabitants, directed, that the bones and remains of the dead interred in them, should be removed to another situation before the ground could be applied to other purposes. It was accordingly resolved, that they should be deposited in an old quarry situated between the barrier d'Enfer and that of St. Jacques, under an extensive plain called la Tombe Isoire. The following description is given of these catacombs, which the public are permitted to visit, subject, however, to suitable regulations:—You are conducted to the entrance of this immense charnel-house by an open staircase in the area of the buildings contiguous to the barrier d'Enfer, on the west side of the road leading from Paris to Orleans. This staircase is of the spiral form, commodious, and well constructed, and descends perpendicularly upwards of fourscore feet under the surface of the earth. You then wander with your guides a full quarter of an hour along the windings of a passage, varying considerably in width and in height, but every where more spacious than the avenues of the Roman catacombs. The sides of the passages, as well as the roofs, are formed partly of rough hewn-stones and partly of the solid rock. At intervals, on the right and left, vast excavations present themselves. These quarries, like those in which the vaults of the observatory are made, would communicate with an infinite number of others beneath Montrouge, and under the suburbs of St. Jacques, if care had not been taken to cut off the various communications, which, dark and intricate as they are, the smugglers contrived to use as places of concealment for themselves and their contraband goods. With respect to the catacombs, properly so called, they are comprehended in a vast inclosure separated from the ossuaries, and closely shut up. The principal entrance to them has a sort of vestibule in front, and is ornamented with two pilasters of the Tuscan order, on each of which you read a religious inscription, the same, I think, that was composed for the gate of the cemetery of St. Sulpice:—

HAS ULTRA METAS
REQUIESCUNT,
BEATAM SPEM EXPECTANTES.

"Beyond these Columns
They rest in Peace,
Waiting for
a
Blessed Immortality."

In the interior, the long passages

and innumerable recesses are lined with human bones; the larger, such as skulls, spines, and thigh-bones, being uniformly placed in front, and formed in compartments, support the smaller, which are thrown behind, and constitute the melancholy walls. Such of my readers as have made an excursion into those provinces where the use of charnel-houses in burial-places is still preserved, will be able to form a correct notion of the species of *Mosaic* to which I allude. It may be observed, that, in the dark and damp quarries, the bones do not blanch. The number of the dead, whose bones have been removed to the new receptacle, is estimated at more than *two millons* of individuals! The walk which I took among them, seemed to exceed the fourth part of a league. Tablets are placed here and there to indicate the various places from which each particular mass of bones had been conveyed. In several of the recesses altars are formed, some of them resembling those that are used in churches; others of antique shape, and many uncouthly made of bones cemented with mortar. In numberless places you find expressed in black characters, on a white ground, epitaphs, sentences in prose and rhyme, some of them religious, some moral, and others philosophical, and all in conformity to the tenets of some system of religion or other. Thus, after meeting at the entrance with the inscription above cited, expressive of the hope of a life to come, you read, on retiring from the subterranean cavities, this celebrated passage, extracted from *The Georgics:*

Felix qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas,
Atque motus omnes et inexorabile fatum
Subjecit pedibus, strepitumque Acherontis avari.

Happy the man, who, studying Nature's laws,
Thro' known effects can trace the secret cause,
His mind possessing in a quiet state—
Fearless of Fortune, and resign'd to Fate!

DRYDEN.

Dr. Kebreuter, of Carlsruhe, has discovered by a chemical examination of potatoes, both in a raw state and *baked*, that they are capable of being converted into syrup or sugar, without being made into starch by a previous process. The experiments he has made have, in their results, entirely answered his expectation; and it is his intention to publish a statement of the various considerations on which he grounds his hopes of improving the manufacture.

A physician of Naples, named Faracce, has lately published a memoir, in which he undertakes to prove, that the human body may be rendered insensible to the power of fire. He directs it to be rubbed with the following embrocation:—One ounce and a half of alum, dissolved in four ounces of hot water; to this must be added one ounce of fish-glue, and half an ounce of gum Arabic.

A physician of Halle, named Lucas, has published a pamphlet, in which he announces the discovery of a remedy, certain and approved, for the rheumatism and palsy. This new remedy consists in employing the oil of brown bituminous pit-coal, which the author prepares, and apparently keeps the secret to himself.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

J. B. Cramer's Instructions for the Piano-Forte, in which the first Rudiments of Music are clearly explained, and the principal Rules on the Art of Fin-

gering illustrated with numerous and appropriate Examples; to which are added, Lessons in the principal Major and Minor Keys, with a Prelude to each Key, composed and fingered by the Author. Pr. 10s. 6d.

ALTHOUGH several meritorious treatises on piano-forte playing have of late years appeared in this country, yet a work of instruction from the pen of an author of Mr. C.'s experience and celebrity, cannot fail to attract the notice of the musical world; and the warranty of so great a name alone must be a source of encouragement and confidence to the student to begin his drill under such guidance. The didactic or grammatical portion of the present publication, is concise and clear; that part, in particular, which treats of the fingering (*pp.* 10 *a* 17,) is conceived with so much system and perspicuity, that the learner must be very dull indeed if the study thereof will not be productive of a fixed method for the use and application of the fingers in the most intricate cases. Mr. C.'s rules on this head are as simple as they are adequate. The illustration of the player's position by means of a drawing, deserves commendation; only, if the fair pupil were our scholar, we would have her stoop somewhat less than she appears to do in the print. The second and practical part of this book possesses some peculiarities which claim our notice. It consists of forty-one lessons in the principal major and minor keys, progressively increasing in the number of sharps and flats, every major key being followed by the allied minor, and all preceded by short preludes. In the selection of the numerous lessons much judgment has been exercised. They consist generally of well-known and favourite airs and pieces, harmonized in an easy and pleasing manner; so that the pupil and his hearers will, in most cases, be assisted and gratified by the recollection of the tune. But what, in our opinion, constitutes one of the principal merits of this work, is the author's method of giving explanatory notes to every lesson. This is an excellent idea, and cannot sufficiently be applauded. In these notes, as the lessons proceed, every peculiarity of musical notation, of expression, and of embellishment, is explained at the very moment it practically occurs: the pupil, in this manner, is not fatigued by an endless din of dry rules; here he learns them in a way at once more pleasing and intelligible, and what he thus has learned will naturally imprint itself more forcibly on his memory. We should on some future occasion be happy to see an extension of this idea: a movement, either purposely composed or taken from a classic author, analyzed from beginning to end, so as to explain by accompanying observations its whole construction, its modulations, transitions, &c. would tend more to the advancement of musical knowledge than whole theoretical volumes. But to return to the publication before us, we shall conclude our remarks by briefly stating the contents of its last part; an appendix, which cursorily and briefly treats of the different clefs, of transposition, intervals, chords, musical accent, foreign words, &c. thus completing a course of elementary musical

instruction, which, without being too voluminous or expensive, comprises every thing necessary to initiate a perfect novice in the first rudiments of piano-forte playing.

Musette, for the Piano-Forte, composed, and dedicated to the Right Hon. Lady Charlotte Graham, by T. Latour, Pianiste to his Royal Highness the Prince Regent. Pr. 3s.

Like many of Mr. L.'s productions which have engaged our critical notice on former occasions, his "Musette" (bag-pipe) possesses an agreeable fluency and lightsomeness, divested of harmonic efforts of a higher order. The subject is pleasing and expressive of the pastoral monotony of the instrument it is meant to imitate. Of the ascent (*p*. 5, *l*. 6), we cannot speak so favourably as of the two pages following, which contain some very creditable evolutions on the minor scales in the spirit of the subject; the eighth page also, where the bass is appropriately employed in glancing at the theme, has our assent. Moderate abilities will be able to execute the "Musette" with satisfaction and credit.

"Queen of the Silver Bow," a Canzonet, the Words from Charlotte Smith, composed, and dedicated to his Friend Joseph Kirkman, Senior, by C. Stokes. Pr. 2s. 6d.

If the author wishes for a passport to introduce himself to the first composers of the present day, at home or abroad, let him take this canzonet in his pocket. It is short, but like the head which Buonarotti sketched with charcoal on the wall of the Casino Farnese, and which has been preserved with religious veneration, it proclaims the hand of a master. We are far from finding fault with some passages which call forth reminiscences from the works of Mozart, and more particularly the *Requiem*: what model could we follow with more propriety, so we do not absolutely copy? which is not the case in this instance. The only observation we will venture, is an impression of Mr. S. having clothed his text in a garb *one* shade too deep and sombre. There is a melancholy vein, we allow, pervading the beautiful address of the elegant poet; but it is of that sweetly pensive kind which was expressible at a less lavish expence of chromatic profundity: whereas the introductory symphony, and several subsequent ideas, syncopations, unusual and bold transitions, partake of the strains of a funeral dirge. To analyze the individual beauties of this composition would lead to nothing short of a *catalogue raisonné* of almost every bar, such is the consummate skill and sterling science displayed in the construction of every part. The piece is worthy of the author and the gentleman to whom it is dedicated, Mr. Kirkman—a name many years in high estimation with every lover of harmony. To the family of the Kirkmans we are, perhaps, indebted for no inconsiderable share of the progress which music has made in this country. The harpsichords of the late Mr. Kirkman were unrivalled, while that instrument continued in vogue; and since it has been superseded by the universal substitution of the piano-forte, the latter instrument has derived equal benefit and perfection from the mechanical skill, care, and ingenuity

of the present Mr. Kirkman, whose piano-fortes of every description, independently of their finished and durable workmanship, combine a fulness of tone with a vocal sweetness of sound unexcelled, if equalled, by the productions of any of his numerous competitors.

Grande Sonate pour le Piano-Forte, composée par Jean Mugnié. Pr. 4s.

An allegro moderato in (G) of fifteen pages, and another allegro in the same key of five pages—a strong and masterly work, which might well have been called a *Grand Concerto*, such is the brilliancy and fire which the author has infused into this composition. In point of difficulty, too, that appellation would not have been misplaced; for we would not advise, except for study's sake, any performer to venture upon it without being completely master of his instrument; such is the intricacy of the passages, the nice division of time, and the use of frequent minute rests in a variety of places. Of melody there is perhaps not so much as could have been wished, even that of the subject not being fully carried to completion; but in regard to modulations, the greatest variety is to be met with. Here the author seems to be perfectly at home; his fertile imagination, assisted by his eminent skill and science, carries him with ease through every key, and reconducts him to the point in view by unexpected and bold transitions. Of the passages that may be quoted as vouchers for our assertion we will only select *p.* 4, to the part which leads to four sharps; *p.* 5, *ll.* 4 and 5, and the subsequent able return to the original key. The termination, *p.* 7, (and of the second part, *p.* 15,) is highly interesting. Other beautiful ideas occur in *p.* 9, *ll.* 4, 5, 6—*p.* 10—*p.* 11, *ll.* 5, 6, 7—and, in short, in every part of the first allegro. The second allegro has also great claims to our favour. The theme is a very clever polacca, and the ideas deduced from it are replete with interest; the fine transitions, *p.* 17, and the part, *p.* 18, where the spirit of the motivo is adverted to under the key of C, call for our commendation; and still more so the whole of *p.* 19, down to the pause in the seventh, every part of which exhibits the talents of the author in the brightest light. In the termination, *p.* 20, too, we discover turns which partake of Mr. M.'s individual originality.

"*Ah! think of me,*" *a Ballad for the Voice and Piano-Forte or Harp, composed* by an Officer in the Army. Pr. 1s. 6d.

A tender farewel of a warrior to his love; and a very fair composition for a son of Mars. The melody and arrangement of this ballad are certainly plain, yet there is taste and some harmonic combination in the *tout-ensemble*, which plead in its favour, even taking into account some stiffness in the complexion of one or two passages, especially in the two concluding lines, where, instead of pausing on the common chord of A b (at "*ever*"), we should have preferred the seventh of the tonic, and by a a varied repetition of the words "*remember'd oft by me,*" endeavoured to arrive at a more complete close. The D b (*p.* 3, *l.* 1, *b.* 2), placed to humour a regular pro-

gress of the second, is incompatible with the G in the bass.

No. X. *Asturian Air, with Variations for the Piano-Forte, Harp, and Flute, composed, and inscribed to Mrs. Lambton*, by J. Mazzinghi. Price 5s.—Single, 3s.

The theme which Mr. M. has presented us with under the denomination of an Asturian air, is the well known Spanish Guaracha dance, with some slight alterations; one of which, viz. the cutting two quavers from the conclusion, and prefixing them to the beginning of the motivo, affects the originality of the national air. The different variations devised from it are set in an easy, unostentatious style, and their effect, with the junction of the harp (which is essential), cannot fail to interest the amateur and his friendly audience: here and there we think a little less repetition of ideas would have added to the effect; but, upon the whole, considered as light music, the *Asturian Air* will be found agreeable.

The Siege of Badajoz, for the Piano-Forte, with Accompaniments (ad libitum) for a Flute, or Violin and Violoncello, composed, and inscribed to the Earl of Wellington and his brave Army, by J. Gildon. Pr. 3s.

Altho' the present patriotic effusion of Mr. G. is not likely, like Kotzwara's prototype, to outlive the remembrance of the event it sings; yet, considering the haste with which such pieces must, in these times, be produced, in order to keep pace with the public's fickle attention of the day, there is sufficient display of ingenuity in the present composition to attract favourable notice. We can see that the author has read and conceived his subject with a military eye, and appropriately represented the principal features of the glorious event. The slow march is imposing, and contains an effectful application of the trumpets. Against the cannonade, too, we have nothing to say; but the council of war is a musical curiosity; while the talkative junior generals seem to give their hasty opinion in rapid semiquavers, some old codger of a Nestor gravely utters his few but weighty words in bass semibreves. After some flourishes of trumpets, drums, and bugles, begins the attack, the rattling work of death—it is spirited, quite in the style of the well known *Battle of Prague*. The *grave* contains a less portion of science than we could have wished; *God save the King* is not forgotten, and a lively finale closes the whole. In point of execution, the amateur will find Mr. G.'s *Siege of Badajoz* of much less difficulty than Lord Wellington's.

A Collection of popular Airs, arranged as Rondos, or with Variations for the Piano-Forte, by Samuel Wesley. No. I. Pr. 2s.

This appears to be the first number of a periodical series of popular airs, to be published by Mr. W. Hodsoll; and if those that are to follow, shall correspond with the present number, the intrinsic value of the collection will be inferior to nothing of the kind we are acquainted with. The composition before us is another specimen of the solidity of harmonic science possessed by Mr. S. Wesley. Its simple Irish theme is turned and handled with consummate art. By means of skilful counterpoint, fugue, and learned

modulation, a protean variety has been infused into every part of it. To the common ear, however, we cannot, in this instance, promise an agreeable musical treat; it requires study to understand that which is studied. Like the works of Michel Angelo, which (while they excite our admiration at the theoretical skill of the painter, and his strength of conception,) exhibit more of the muscular and anatomical outline, than soft and elegant rotundity of *contour*—so do several of Mr. W.'s productions we are acquainted with, seem to want somewhat more of melodiousness to relieve those elaborate and abstruse speculations in which our author is excelled by none of his contemporaries in this country.—*Augebit meritum dulcis mixtura bonorum!*

A Sonata for the Piano-Forte, with an Accompaniment for a Violin, composed, and dedicated to Mrs. Ostrehan of Barbadoes, by Timothy Wm. Wall. Op. I. Pr. 4s.

Although the author produces this sonata as his first *opera*, we have good reason to doubt whether this performance be altogether his first essay in composition; for its texture bespeaks considerable experimental familiarity with the rules, and even niceties of composition. The style of the allegro, in two flats, is easy and not unfrequently elegant; a respectable portion of science and skilful arrangement pervade the whole, and the violin accompaniment is set with much taste. The second movement, an allegretto in the same key, merits our particular attention, at least with us it is a great favourite. The theme and superstructure are pleasing; and above all, the part in five flats, with its original octave passages, deserves unqualified commendation. So good a beginning entitles us to look to future excellence, and we should be wanting in our duty were we not to encourage the author to persevere in a pursuit so laudably commenced.

*** *The Devil's Bridge, Mr. Seetze's Elements of Music, and other Novelties we have been favoured with, are unavoidably postponed for next month's review.*

NAPOLEON, KING OF ROME.

(With an Engraving.)

The proprietor of the *Repository*, desirous of presenting his readers with the annexed fac-simile of a medal, recently struck at Paris, and conceiving, at the same time, that it would be deemed a want of respect to his subscribers, not to accompany the gift with a small portion of what is called "letter-press," has requested the writer of this to undertake the office of *cicerone* on an occasion where he has reason to apprehend that his information is in no way more extensive than that of his readers, independently of the ungraciousness of the task; for, considering the unbounded veneration we entertain for every thing that proceeds from, or concerns the great genius, conqueror, and sovereign (whose praises have recently resounded even in the hallowed walls of a certain senate), it was not kind, we think, to impose upon us

an obligation of treating of the family of that great and illustrious man, at a time when his *astre*, as he terms it, appears under a considerable offuscation, a sort of eclipse, produced by the hostile approach of a southern constellation of the first magnitude, and a nebulous affection of its brightness by coming in contact with an *aurora borealis*.

But good-humoured as we are, and willing to oblige, we shall, in spite of our inward reluctance, proceed to the execution of our office.

Beginning with the first of the three per contra heads, the one crowned with a wreath of Salamanca laurel, we are warranted in presuming the effigy, as well as the person itself, so perfectly known and *endeared* to all Europe, that any illustration of his transcendent qualities and virtues would be deemed utterly superfluous. On the subject of his pedigree, however, which, till very lately, had laboured under some doubtful obloquy, we are enabled to communicate the important information, that a learned French genealogist has recently proved, in the most clear and incontrovertible manner, that the Great Napoleon derives his descent, *in linea recta*, from the Emperor Charlemagne; a service to history and humanity for which, no doubt, the ingenious author was rewarded with the insignia of the Legion of Honour. As to the deeds of Napoleon, since every man tells his story best himself, we take leave to refer the courteous reader to the Imperial bulletins, as containing the most concise, animated, amusing, and no doubt religiously true record of the achievements of this great and good man. These bulletins, with the addition of some hundreds of proclamations to different nations (ever faithfully adhered to), and of Imperial speeches to potentates, senates, and delegates, will hereafter enable the Imperial historiographer to put together the life of his hero *à son aise*, and without labour or difficulty, except perhaps a short dying speech.

The next portrait which engages our attention, is that of *Maria Louisa*, one of the two wives of Napoleon the Great, the fortunate daughter of Francis, Emperor of what once was called Germany. That country, in all ages the parent stock of European sovereigns, as a reward for the meekness with which it has hitherto endured a few trifling inconveniencies arising from the fraternal embrace of Gallic love, has been honoured with the proud distinction of being allowed to furnish the means of perpetuating the dynasty of the benefactor of the human race. Of Louisa we have very little additional information to communicate, beyond what has been given in a former number of the *Repository**. Indeed, the most shining qualities of the consort of so great a character as that of Napoleon, must needs be obscured by the galaxy of glory which radiates from the diadem of her husband. Hence all that we occasionally learn of the empress, is confined to an account of some rapid journey in company with her lord and master, of a hunting party in the Forest of Fontainebleau, or of an evening promenade through the plain of Grenelle. Josephine, indeed, was not unfrequently the subject of

* Vol. IV. p. 415.

flattering addresses from the lips of loyal Frenchmen; but to Maria Louisa their incense is strewed with a niggardly hand.

The last, and most interesting bust placed on the obverse of our medal, is that of *Napoleon Francis Joseph Charles,* King of Rome, heir *apparent* to the throne of the West. Our readers unquestionably will be struck by the marked resemblance it bears to the father; but we trust so much in their good sense, as not to apprehend their participating in the affected and whining commiseration with which some shortsighted politicians have viewed the portrait of this illustrious infant. These weak and dull observers seemed to imply a fearful uncertainty, which, according to their shallow judgment, hangs over the fate of the Imperial heir; not reflecting, that the word of Napoleon solemnly pronounced on the brilliant destinies of his first-born, possesses that sort of oracular magic which, *pour ainsi dire*, controuls fate itself. As if the great ruler of things, who recently promised to his goodly city of Tours nine years of abundant harvest after this one year of starvation, could not do something of the same kind for his little boy. Indeed, we flatter ourselves no further doubts will be entertained respecting the future greatness of Master Napoleon, when we communicate to the curious reader some of the early presages of mental resemblance to the sire, already discovered in the pursuits of the King of Rome, such as an unconquerable obstinacy, a predilection to objects not his own, a restless propensity to climb up to the most elevated situations around him, &c. Sometimes, it is true, as was the case on the 22d of July last, an occasional tumble interrupts the aspiring evolutions of the venturesome child; but an innate greatness, manifest even at his tender age, does not allow him to burst into those distressing bawlings which distort the features of common brats. The preceding observations may suffice to gratify the curiosity of our readers on the subject of young Napoleon; should they be desirous of a few further particulars, we beg leave to refer them to a former number of the *Repository**, where the infant is represented in his Imperial cradle, embellished with a variety of attributes amply explained. L. G.

THE following list, given in the French *Court Calendar*, as the "Household of the Children of France," may be considered as peculiarly appropriated to the King of Rome, that monarch being the only child to whom the denomination of a child of France, under the new regime, can be applied.

Household of the Children of France.

GOVERNESS.

Madame La Comtesse de MONTESQUIOU.

UNDER-GOVERNESSES.

Madame La Baronne de BOUHERS.
Madame La Baronne de MESGRIGNY.

Department of Health.

M. BOURDOIS, Physician.
M. AUSRTY, Surgeon.
M. HUSSON, Physician Vaccinator.

We have been favoured by an ingenious friend with the subjoined

LINES,

On seeing the Medallion of the King of Rome.

OH! infant born to regal state,
Who can divine thy future fate?

---

* Number V. p. 295.

Thy father, rais'd by Fortune's whim,
On Fortune's tide for years may swim;
But while he floats with fav'ring stream,
His wond'rous life is but a dream;
A dæmon rais'd, all crimes to dare,
To cheat and fight, then melt to air.
Now prompt on horrors to engage,
He rides the war's and whirlwind's rage;
But time may come, when dash'd to earth,
In death as lowly as in birth,
His end may serve, mid virtue's scorn,
From crimes posterity to warn.
Then thou, a cradled monarch now,
With pond'rous crown on baby brow,
To man's estate may'st creep unknown,
Sudden from prince to peasant grown;
And passing hinds may point thee out,
To moralize the rabble rout;
Say how thy sire fill'd thrones with dread,
Forced a high princess to his bed,
Laid nations waste with fire and sword,
And for a law imposed his word;
Till like a bubble, swollen and burst,
He sunk to nothingness accurst:
Yet, in its wisdom, Heav'n decreed
To save this sample of the breed——
But Austria's blood half fills thy veins,
And farther scrutiny restrains.

E. F.

RETROSPECT OF POLITICS.

SPANISH PENINSULA.

BATTLE OF SALAMANCA,

22d July, 1812.

OUR bosom still elated and expanded by the cheering intelligence of the greatest, most glorious, and important victory ever gained by a British army, it will require both an effort on our part to lower the ebullition of patriotic rapture into the sober language of history, and the indulgence of our readers, if, with our whole mind absorbed in the joyful consideration of the memorable event and its momentous results, our attention shall be drawn off from occurrences comparatively less important.

Our last report left Lord Wellington greatly in advance of Salamanca, observing the dubious and menacing movements of Marmont along the Douro, while the siege of the forts of Salamanca, *viz.* St. Vincente, St. Cayetano, and La Merced, was proceeding. On the 23d June the second of these forts was assailed by storm under the direction of Major-General Clinton; but the attack did not succeed—our loss was considerable, and among the killed we have to regret Major-General Bowes, who fell while mounting the breach. This failure brought Lord Wellington back from the army, and after receiving a fresh convoy of ammunition, the three forts were anew attacked, set on fire with red hot balls, and two of them carried by storm on the 27th June. That of St. Vincente, being on fire within, and having already lost its outworks, obtained a capitulation on the same day. Their garrisons, consisting of about 800 men, became prisoners. All this happened in sight of the French army under Marmont, who, for the week preceding, had exerted all the mysteries of French tactics to out-general Lord Wellington by every kind of manœuvre, marches, and counter-marches; but finding the forts of Salamanca lost, the French marshal retired with his army to the Douro, in the direction of Toro and Tordesillas. Thither he was closely followed by Lord Wellington, who in his advance arrived as far east-

ward as Rueda, a town within a few leagues only from Valladolid, on the left of the Douro. At Rueda Lord Wellington continued some time to observe the movements of Marmont, who had meanwhile crossed the Douro, and whose army extended on the right of that river from Tordesillas westward. A suspicious activity and bustle was clearly perceptible among the French troops, and the keen eye of our general foresaw that his opponent meditated a decisive blow. A further advance into the heart of Spain was therefore the less advisable, as Marmont, from being in possession of the whole northern bank of the Douro, might, by a single day's march, cross the river in his lordship's rear, and interpose the whole French army between our's and Salamanca as well as Ciudad Rodrigo, and thus cut off all our communications with Portugal. To frustrate such a design, Lord Wellington had concentrated his army on the Guarena on the 16th. On the same day a considerable part of the French forces crossed the Douro at Toro; but finding the dispositions made in anticipation of their design, they recrossed that river the same night, again marched eastward to Tordesillas, where, on the 17th, the whole French army once more crossed the Douro, and by a forced march of forty miles arrived at La Nava. One of our positions was attacked on the 18th at Castrejon, but bravely maintained by Sir S. Cotton, which afforded time to the army to retire in admirable order from that position, the left flank of which had already been turned by Marmont. In the further advance of the enemy, by the most skilful manœuvres and marches, a more serious cavalry and infantry engagement took place on the same day, in which the enemy was completely defeated with great loss in killed and wounded, and 240 prisoners, among whom was the French General Carrier. The above is but an imperfect sketch of the intricate and manifold manœuvres incessantly resorted to by the consummate skill of the great tactician Marmont, to allure or force Lord Wellington into a position of disadvantage, not only up to the 18th, but as far the 21st of July, when, by a continuance of similar and still more complicated evolutions, Marmont reached the Tormes. Our general, constantly penetrating the enemy's designs, and defeating all his views by equally, or rather more skilful counter-manœuvres in a parallel direction, also arrived on the Tormes on the same day. On the 22d the principal part of the French army crossed to the left bank of that river, a few miles above Salamanca, and our Fabius, constantly watching every one of their steps, also crossed close by Salamanca. A battle, it was evident, could not now be avoided much longer, since Marmont's left wing in expanding itself westward actually stretched to the road of Ciudad Rodrigo, and towards the Portuguese frontier. Moreover, our general had received certain intelligence of Gen. Chauvel having arrived within a day's march of the enemy with the horse artillery and the cavalry of the army of the North; nor was it less certain that Joseph Bonaparte had left Madrid with 10,000 infantry and 3000 cavalry to reinforce Marmont. Such an addition of force would

have caused fearful odds against our army, already inferior to that of Marmont alone. In the morning of the 22d both armies manœuvred in the sight of each other, selecting positions, and forming their lines for the impending contest. Our right leaned on one of two hills called Arapiles, the other being, from its too great distance, deemed without the range of our position. Of this hill, however, the enemy, by cleverly masking his evolutions, found means to possess himself in the course of the day. But Lord Wellington, aware of the advantage it gave Marmont over the English flank, extended his army in potence to the heights behind the Arapiles, and threw a body of light infantry into the village of the same name, constantly observing every step and motion of the enemy. At two in the afternoon Marmont's final resolution seemed to develope itself. Under cover of a heavy, but harmless cannonade, his army began greatly to extend itself to the left, probably with the view of enveloping our post on one of the Arapiles, cramping altogether our right wing, and from thence attacking and breaking our line. Here our great captain's own words are as follow:—"The extension of his line to his left, however, and its advance upon our right, notwithstanding that his troops occupied still very strong ground, and his position was well defended by cannon, gave *me* an opportunity for attacking *him*, for which I had long been anxious." Lord Wellington having previously strengthened his right, turned, attacked, and overthrew the enemy's left. This service was ably conducted by Major-General Pakenham, while Brigadier-General Bradford's brigade, the 5th and 6th divisions, and the cavalry under Sir Stapleton Cotton attacked in front, and drove the enemy before them from one height to another. In this charge Major-General Le Marchant was killed. One division only of the enemy's left seemed determined to arrest our success; it fought valiantly, and seconded by the troops that had been driven from the Arapiles, even repulsed our 4th division. Marshal Beresford, however, who happened to be on the spot, sending for fresh troops, and making new dispositions, restored the battle to its former success, although, unfortunately, he received a wound, as did likewise Lieutenant-General Leith.

The enemy's left was now completely defeated, but his right, strengthened by the accumulation of the beaten troops from the left, continued to resist vigorously. Lord Wellington instantly made fresh dispositions for turning their right. It was at the close of day when this service was performed with a valour which overthrew every opposition; and night had just set in when this grand army of the French fled in all directions. Such a rout has not occurred in the military history of the French, since the sway of Bonaparte; and no achievement of the English, since the Duke of Marlborough's time, can be compared to the battle of Salamanca. Indeed, in its decisive results, it promises to eclipse the most renowned deeds of that great warrior.

Reports from all quarters agree, that, but for the cover of the night,

the greatest part of the French army would have been destroyed. As much as the darkness would permit, they were pursued that very night, and numbers of prisoners made. The next morning, at break of day, the pursuit was vigorously resumed; at La Serna we came up with the French rear-guard, which was immediately attacked by our cavalry. The French horse fled shamefully, leaving their infantry to their fate. A gallant charge of the heavy brigade of the German Legion, under Major-General Bock, broke a square body of French infantry, and took prisoners three whole battalions.

The loss of the French in the three actions above-mentioned, viz. at Castrejon on the 18th, near Salamanca on the 22d, and at La Serna on the 23d, is immense; and as it is not precisely to be ascertained from our official dispatches, we shall endeavour to form a cool estimate of the same by the concurrence of private reports, and some private letters which we have seen; stating first the loss of the allies (that is, British and Portuguese, for the Spaniards lost only two killed and four wounded):—

On the	*Killed.*	*Wounded.*	*Missing.*	*Total.*
18th.	95	393	54	542
22d.	692	4266	256	5214
23d.	51	60	6	117
Totals	838	4719	316	5873

The private letters state, that the fields of Salamanca, for two leagues, were covered with dead bodies, and it is even asserted in the proportion of three French to one of the allies. This may be exaggerated; but we think it a very low computation to conceive that an army so completely routed, lost double the number of that of the conquerors, besides prisoners.

Hence we have in killed and wounded	11,000
And of the prisoners (at least 8000 in number) we shall deduct one half as wounded, thus leaving sound ones	4,000
Total loss of the French . .	15,000

We are compelled to resort to this mode of computation, by the practice of Lord Wellington of never stating the loss of his adversary, in his public dispatches; but in a private letter, his lordship has estimated the diminution of the French army, during the five eventful and glorious days, at even 17,000. Among their prisoners are, 1 general, 3 colonels, 3 lieutenant-colonels, and 130 officers of inferior rank; Marmont himself was wounded twice, and had his arm amputated in consequence; 4 French generals were killed and several wounded. Our trophies consist of two eagles, six colours, and twenty pieces of cannon. The French division from the North joined their defeated brethren in arms the day after the battle; and Joseph Bonaparte, in his march to join Marmont, had learned his defeat, on the 25th, at Blasco Sancho, not two days' journey from Salamanca: he instantly retraced his steps, fortunately for him; for, a few hours after, some of our cavalry entered the place and took 27 men and 2 officers of his own cavalry, left behind to follow his rear guard.

The rapid and incessant pursuit of the French by Lord Wellington is another proof of the great talents and combination of our commander. On the 28th, he had already advanced as far as Olmeda, driving one column of the French towards

the bridge on the Douro at Trudella, where they would probably cross that river, in the same manner as the other division had done the day before near Puente de Douro.

Some incoherent and hasty intelligence of the immortal glory earned on the 22d July, had reached England from Corunna as early as the 4th August. Ten days succeeded without the arrival of the official dispatches, and doubts of the authenticity of the news gradually became more and more general, till the arrival of Lord Clinton with the official report and the trophies confirmed the event, and, as by an electric stroke, filled the bosom of every inhabitant of the metropolis with enthusiasm and delight. For three nights (17th, 18th, and 19th August) all London, at the spontaneous impulse of its enraptured population, shone in a blaze of light; and the conqueror of Marmont has been raised by the Prince Regent to the dignity of Marquis, by the title of Marquis Wellington, of Wellington in the county of Somerset. And in consideration of the valiant conduct of the King's German Legion on frequent former occasions, and particularly at the battle of Salamanca, the Prince Regent has granted to all the officers in the Legion permanent rank in the British army from the date of their commissions.

But to return to the north of Spain, the field of British glory, we have only to add, that the advance of Lord Wellington into the province of Leon enabled the Spanish army under Gen. Santocildes (oh, wonder!) likewise to venture forward. The siege of Astorga was its maiden enterprize; but Lord Wellington, finding the operation proceed slowly, and knowing the garrison to be weak, ordered the siege to be converted into a strict blockade, and the rest of the army to join him. This has been done, and the Gallician troops, to the number of 8000 men, as it is reported, have arrived at Medina del Campo. Zamora, and we believe Toro, still contain French garrisons, which, after our succes, will be glad to capitulate. The Asturias are free from the French, and, owing to the battle of Salamanca, even St. Andero has been hastily abandoned to the Spaniards and Sir Home Popham.

The latter officer has for this month past been employed on the northern coast of Spain in a service more useful than brilliant. With a small squadron of ships and a few hundred marines, he has, in concert with the patriots on shore, beaten up the quarters of the French in a variety of points along the Bay of Biscay. The constant alarm which his successive debarkations created, obliged the French to keep a considerable force solely employed to watch his motions. Mina is said to have taken Vittoria by storm; and Duran, surprising the French garrison of Tudela on the Ebro, has seized or destroyed a train of artillery and a convoy of stores, destined for Marmont's army, and coming from Saragossa.

In surveying the south of Spain, we find General Hill, by the last accounts, at Almendralejo. His army, obviously destined to observe passively the motions of Marshal Soult, had within the last month more than once alternately advanced and retreated between the two points

of Albuera and Llerena. These movements were attended with no actions of any consequence. In Cadiz matters remain as before, except that the inhabitants are frequently annoyed by the shells, which the new-invented mortars of the French contrive to throw into the very midst of the town.

Ballasteros, ever active and enterprizing, had recently moved his army in the direction of Malaga, which city he actually entered on the 14th; but not being able to attack the castle, he contented himself with destroying what hostile property he could lay hands on, and left the place after a day's stay. The French, profiting by his absence, moved a strong column of about 6000 men down upon St. Roch and Algesiras; so that Ballasteros is now absolutely cut off from his former station in the lines of Gibraltar, and almost surrounded. To assist him in extricating himself from so alarming a dilemma, 3000 men have sailed from Cadiz to operate a diversion in his favour at Tariffa, and transports have gone from Gibraltar eastward, to bring off this brave band and their leader in case of necessity.

From Valencia and Catalonia we have no intelligence of any moment. Important events, however, are likely soon to take place, even in that quarter. The expedition from Sicily, consisting of between 6 and 7000 British, has arrived in Minorca, where 3000 Spanish from Majorca, and as many from Carthagena and Alicant, will join the armament. A considerable train of artillery, likewise, from Gibraltar will accompany this army. Their destination is stated to be Catalonia; but wheresoever they land, their speedy arrival will be of the greatest importance, were it only to divert Suchet from detaching any of his force to the interior of Spain.

SPANISH COLONIES.

The variety of important intelligence from the mother country and the rest of Europe, obliges us to defer the notice of the few interesting facts properly belonging to this head, for our next month's report.

RUSSIA AND NORTH OF EUROPE.

Since our last report, which carried the French armies across the Niemen, and recorded their approach to Wilna up to the 26th of June, Bonaparte has made rapid strides towards the heart of the Russian dominions. To give our readers a perfectly clear narrative of the events which have taken place between the above date and the 25th of July, when, by the 9th bulletin, we find his head-quarters at Bechencovinsky, on the left bank of the Dwina, and some of his troops even at Polotsk on the opposite side, is not in our power; since the French bulletins, as usual, teem with bombastic falsehoods, and the Russian official accounts, as published in the *Petersburg Gazette*, although evidently more sober and correct, are extremely confused, unconnected, and defective. We must, therefore, content ourselves with cautiously collecting materials from both parties, and stating such prominent, isolated facts as appear to be put beyond a doubt, by corresponding internal evidence. On the 28th of June the French entered Wilna, which had already been evacuated by the Russians, who, adhering to their previous plan, retreated in every direction, and

in the best order. Their different *corps d'armée*, however, do not appear to have been well cemented together by proper points of communication. Of this Bonaparte immediately availed himself. His columns were manœuvred forward with the rapidity of lightning, in hopes of intercepting the retreating corps of the Russians; but the latter withdrew with such system and skill, as to elude all the efforts of their enemy; efforts which must have been extremely vigorous and forced, as the bulletins admit the loss of some thousands of horses, occasioned, as they state, by their bidding defiance to the impediments of nature and the elements. One only advantage, and an essential one, seems to have been the fruit of their bold activity. The army of Prince Bagrathion, styled the second army of the West, not sufficiently in communication with the first, or main army, and stationed in Volhynia, was just advancing towards Wilna by forced marches, to join the first, when Napoleon, with his usual decision, manœuvred the bulk of his troops southwards, and succeeded in forcing Bagrathion across the Bereczina on the Boristhenes, thus increasing greatly the chasm between the two Russian armies. This done, the French emperor continued his head-quarters at Wilna, where he staid three weeks, preparing for fresh operations, recruiting losses, and directing another of his favourite measures, the organization of a confederacy of the whole kingdom of Poland. Meanwhile, the Austrian corps under Prince Schwarzenberg, crossed the Bug, and joined the French army at Pinsk. On the 17th Bonaparte left Wilna, and joined his troops on the Dwina, who, it appears unquestionable, had, in his absence, met with two considerable checks; one on the 11th, 12th, and 13th of July, on which days they had been repulsed with great loss in several obstinate attacks on the bridge-heads before Dunaburg; and another on the 15th, when the Russians crossed the river, surprised General Sebastiani, cut up two regiments, and returned with some hundreds of prisoners. A third and more severe loss was inflicted on the southern army of the French by the Hetman Platow, who, with 6 or 7000 Cossacks, formed the rear guard of Prince Bagrathion, and was overtaken by the French General Rozniecki, on the 10th, at Romanoff; but Platow turned front, and sorely chastised his pursuers. According to the Russian official accounts, corresponding, in point of fact, with the bulletins, the French were completely defeated, one regiment of horse rangers entirely destroyed, and some hundreds of prisoners taken. After this, Bagrathion seems to have remained unmolested till the 21st of July, when, by the French bulletins, we find him advancing upon Mohilow, Platow then forming his advanced guard. A fourth severe affair occurred, and a loss which the mysterious and shy language of the 8th bulletin is unable to gloss over, but of which we have no official Russian accounts. It appears probable, that this action ensured to Bagrathion the road to join the first army, which, in order to facilitate the important event, left its entrenched camp at Drizza, and marched up along the Dwina,

to Witepsk, where the Russian head-quarters were last (25th of July). Accounts from Riga, of a demi-official nature, announce the actual junction of the two great armies, at the same time that they inform us of the burning of the suburbs of that city, by order of its governor, General Essen, who expected the advance of a corps under Macdonald, and was determined to defend his fortress to the last extremity. All accounts likewise agree, that the Emperor Alexander is resolved to risk every thing rather than compromise matters with his antagonist; and it appears that the enthusiasm of the nobles and great cities in their country's cause, is raised to the highest pitch. Their voluntary contributions are immense; and the number of men they have engaged to raise may be judged of by the single offer of Moscow, to furnish, appoint, and maintain an army of 80,000 men. To second, probably, such patriotic effusions, and to urge more vigorous preparations, Alexander has left the first army under the command of General Barclay de Tolly, and set out for Moscow.

On surveying the events above recited, which can be vouched by bulletins, we are warranted in asserting, that where any fighting has yet occurred, the French have met not only with determined opposition, but invariably with defeat: and that although the untoward separation of Bagrathion's army has been the cause of disconcerting the arrangements of the Russian plan of operations, and of a whole month's loss of time; yet, that, subsequently to that occurrence, much tactical skill and system have been exerted, to remedy the first error; so that if the junction has actually taken place as stated, and Alexander will persevere in his opposition, we have every reason to hope for satisfactory results, especially as the peace between the Porte and Russia can scarcely any longer be questioned, and as it appears certain that a Swedish army will soon cross the Baltic, in order to operate a powerful diversion in Bonaparte's rear. The embarkation of the troops is completed in the ports of Sweden; and, although the sailing has been suspended, owing, as it is stated, to some important negociations between our envoy, Mr. Thornton, and the court of Copenhagen, which had anxiously requested his attendance, we make no doubt that in our next report we shall have to announce active proceedings on the part of Sweden, assisted, perhaps, by the co-operation of Denmark. Peace was signed by Mr. Thornton both with Sweden and Russia on the 18th July; and the latter power has also entered into treaties with Portugal and the present Spanish government, acknowledging Ferdinand VII. as lawful King of Spain. Lord Cathcart has set out for Russia, and by this time arrived in the capacity of British minister to the court of St. Petersburg. The Russian fleet taken by Great Britain in the Tagus will, according to the capitulation then entered into, now be restored to that power.

UNITED STATES, AMERICA.

In our last report we stated that the House of Representatives had voted for war with England. The Senate, after thirteen days' deliberation, concurred in the same vote.

Accordingly, war was declared on the 18th June last. The President's message to both houses, dated 1st June, now published, contains the grounds on which America thought herself justified in unsheathing the sword. As, however, the orders in council constitute one of the principal grievances enumerated in that document, a hope is still left, that the recent rescission of those orders on the part of our government, mentioned in our last, will be the means of accommodating the dispute between the two nations. On the part of America hostilities may be said to have actually commenced. A running fight took place, on the 23d of June, off Sandy Hook, in the American seas, between our frigate the Belvidere, Capt. Byron, and five American ships of war, three frigates and two sloops, who, as soon as they came within point-blank shot, without the least provocation or even previous communication, immediately commenced firing upon our frigate. The Belvidere, of course, made all sail to avoid so superior a force, going right before the wind, and only returning the fire from four stern guns. Thus keeping off her pursuers, she arrived at Halifax, with two men killed and seven wounded. The British government, since hearing of the declaration of war, has resorted, hitherto, to none but the most temperate and conciliatory measures: in justice, however, to themselves and the country at large, an order has been issued for detaining and bringing in all American vessels, except such as shall be found with British licences; and directions have been given for the sailing of a squadron of ships of war under the command of Sir John Warren.

NAVAL OCCURRENCES.

Our gazettes have furnished us with the details of several gallant enterprizes of the Pilot and Thames frigates on the Italian coast, and of the Leviathan's cutting sixteen ships out of the port of Languillia. But the length of our important foreign articles prevents us from entering into the particulars.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

Under this head, likewise, the cause just mentioned enjoins laconic brevity. The disturbed counties assume a more quiet aspect.—Parliament, after a long and important session, was, on the 30th July, prorogued to the 2d of October next.

FASHIONS FOR LADIES.

PLATE 18.—EVENING DRESS.

A WHITE crape robe, with demi-train, and long full sleeves, gathered at regular distances, and ornamented with simple bows of ribbon: bosom and back formed very low; the former ornamented with gold or Chinese silk trimming, and united with gold buckles on the right side. The robe is worn over a white satin slip, and trimmed at the bottom with lace or silver ribbon. Hair confined in the Eastern style, and ornamented with a wreath of variegated flowers. Necklace and cross of blended pearl, and amber ear-rings *en suite*. Roman slippers of white satin, with gold clasps; fan of white and gold crape, or carved ivory. An occasional Grecian scarf of white lace.

PLATE 19.—WALKING DRESS.

A Parisian wrapping dress of plain jaconot muslin, or fine cambric, trimmed on each side, round the neck and wrists, with double borders of fine mull muslin. The sleeves very full, confined at the wrist with gold bracelets and drop snap. A Wellington hat, composed of blended straw and white satin; confined under the chin with white ribbon, and decorated with a wreath of flowers round the crown. A small lace cap beneath, with a flower on the right side. A small pelerine of blue satin, trimmed with broad black lace. A long sash, or bracer, of blue figured ribbon, passed over the shoulders, and tied in front of the waist. Roman shoe of buff-coloured kid or jean—gloves the same colour. Parasol of blue shot silk, with deep Chinese fringe.

TWENTY-FIFTH LETTER FROM A YOUNG LADY IN LONDON TO HER SISTER IN THE COUNTRY.

I HAD not imagined, dear Constance, when I last addressed you, that you would have received another letter from me with the post-mark of our metropolis. The fact is, that we have been paying a visit of a fortnight at a beautiful villa of our host's, not many miles from Town; and returned here about a week since, in order to be present at a ball or two given by a few remaining fashionables, in honour of Lord Wellington's late glorious victory. We shall remain a few days longer, for the purpose of recruiting our wardrobe, and to equip ourselves for the autumn, which we purpose passing by the sea-side. I shall now therefore give up a little time to you, dear sister, in order to inform and instruct you in the above important particulars, while on the spot where Pleasure still holds her court, and Fashion boasts her votaries. And so you really danced the last new strathspey with the new member at your quarterly assembly, and thus brought down upon yourself a host of provincial enviers? I recommend to these *a composing draught*, or the *fresh provocation* I am about to subjoin may increase their disorder beyond a cure.

I have commanded your pelisse for the autumn to be formed of satin, it being an article much more in fashionable request at this period, than sarsnet, both for pelisses and spencers. The construction of the former habiliment is somewhat varying: some are formed in simple wraps; others meet in front, and are united with silk frogs, and trimmed with fringe or Spanish binding: military fronts are still fashionable. The collar is exceedingly narrow, and edged with lace; and many wear the spencer without any collar, substituting a fall of fine thread lace. The small round satin tippet, trimmed with deep black lace; the short fancy cloak of the same, trimmed with white lace, of a much narrower width; the Merino scarf of silk, flowing in loose drapery from the shoulders, are all admitted in the out-door costume. Fancy hats and bonnets of blended satin and crape, ornamented with small curled ostrich feathers, are seen to mingle with the slouch straw and Spanish hat of white chip; and the large gipsey has

been lately reintroduced by a few of our first-rates: they are ornamented with a small wreath of flowers, or ribbon, puffed round the crown, and terminated with a loose bow and ends on one side. Dress robes are formed of crape, sarsnet, or other light articles. With the former, as well as with the white muslin dress, the coloured satin bodice is much worn, and is a very animated relief. The *Wellington robe* is now in high vogue, as an evening dress: it is constructed somewhat in the style of the Turkish robe, but with short sleeves, of the Spanish slash form; and instead of flowing loose from the shoulders, meets at the bottom of the waist, where it is confined with a rich mosaic clasp; and from thence is continued in rounded draperies to the feet. The train of this very graceful garment is somewhat beyond the demi length. If composed of crape, or any light article, it is trimmed, at its several terminations, with a *chevaux-de-frise* border, composed of double folds of alternate satin and crape; but if composed of a more substantial material (such as satin, sarsnet, or lustre), the trimming is either silver, or silk fringe, or a border of feathers, or matted crape. I must not forget to observe that the *chevaux-de-frise* trimming is the most fashionable decoration at this moment for every sort of evening or dress robe; it has a most pleasing effect, when formed (as I have often seen it) of two colours, happily and tastefully contrasted. The Salamanca jacket and petticoat, of white or coloured muslin, is a striking and appropriate novelty in morning dress: it is laced in front of the waist, and along the sleeve, from the shoulder to the wrist, and sits quite close to the arm: it is cut very low in the back and shoulders; and is worn with a white lace, or muslin shirt, the collar sitting high, and trimmed with double plaitings of net. The long sash and bracer are again revived, and are not (as I think they ought to be) confined wholly to the evening or full dress; on the contrary, the long sash is frequently seen as an appendage to the morning costume. Feathers are on the decline, as to general adoption; and except a few short ostrich, which decorate the Spanish evening hat, they are confined to the highest order of full dress. Flowers, rosettes of lace, and full bows of ribbon, are equally fashionable, for decorating the lace cap or hair, and at this season of the year are considered more genteel than gems, to which they give place only on particular occasions. The satin or silk half-boot (though certainly inappropriate) is partially introduced in evening and dress parties: those of jean and kid are invariably worn with the morning and walking dress; as are the Roman shoes and slipper in the higher order of costume. The most fashionable colours are jonquille, pink, silver grey, lilac, and primrose.

Farewell, dear sister! Having done my *possibles* for you, I hasten to repeat how sincerely I remain your affectionate friend and relative,

BELINDA.

Plate 17.—FASHIONABLE FURNITURE.

Our engraving this month represents an elegant drawing-room window-curtain, cornices, &c. complete, beautifully ornamented with French fringe, and extra muslin curtains, under the blue damask; a Grecian sofa and stool *en suite*, with a patent pedestal lamp; the whole of which are not less distinguished for their grandeur, than for simplicity and elegance.

MEDICAL REPORT.

An account of the practice of a physician from the 15th of July to the 15th of August, 1812.

Acute diseases.—Scarlet fever and sore-throat, 3..Continued fever, 2.. Inflammatory sore-throat, 2...Measles, 5....Small-pox, 2....Hooping cough, 1....Enteritis, 1....Acute rheumatism, 3....Acute diseases of infants, 4.

Chronic diseases.—Asthenia, 10 ..Cough and Dyspnœa, 8..Pleurodyne, 5...Hœmoptoe, 2...Pulmonary consumption, 5...Marasmus, 2...Paralysis, 2...Apoplexy, 1... Rheumatic gout, 1...Chronic rheumatism, 7...Lumbago, 2...Epilepsy, 1...St. Vitus's dance, 1...Dropsy, 4...Dyspepsia, 3..Gastrodynia, 9...Colic, 1...Jaundice, 1....Bilious vomiting, 1....Diarrhœa, 4.... Worms, 2...Dysure, 2...Head-ach and vertigo, 6....Cutaneous affections, 3...Female complaints, 6.

At this rich season of the year, when cheerful pursuits and enlivening scenery, assisted by fine weather, so materially conduce to health, we are not to apprehend much serious illness. Yet there are complaints which depend not on time or season. Amongst these is apoplexy, of which a fatal instance has recently come under my immediate notice. The patient sixty years of age, of short stature, and stout make, had an attack of the complaint, from which he recovered, several years ago. On the present occasion he was insensible from the accession of the fit, and died within the space of a few hours. Upon inspecting the contents of the cranium, it was found, as expected, that the immediate cause of death was extravasation of blood in the brain; but, from the appearance of that organ, there was little doubt that disease had been going on for a considerable time: for the texture of the brain in some parts was entirely changed; the cerebral artery was ossified, while a large portion of the cerebrum itself was in a soft pulpy state. It seemed probable that the blood-vessel had given way, from its coats being dissolved or destroyed, as in ulcer or cancer. The disease had proceeded slowly, without occasioning much pain or uneasiness, till the last mischief was accomplished.

The practical inference to be drawn from this case is, that there may be instances of apoplexy in which bleeding can be of no possible service. This patient was bled freely from the temporal artery im-

The Repository

Of Arts, Literature, Commerce, Manufactures, Fashion, and Politics.

MANUFACTURERS, Factors, and Wholesale Dealers in Fancy Goods that come within the scope of this Plan, are requested to send Patterns of such new Articles as they come out, and if the requisites of Novelty, Fashion, and Elegance are united, the quantity necessary for this Magazine will be ordered. *R. Ackermann, 101, Strand, London.*

No. REPOSITORY OF ARTS, SCIENCE, &c. 45.

mediately after the fit, but, of course, without any beneficial consequence: for in such a condition of the brain, it was impossible that any evacuation could be useful; and swallowing medicine or cordials was out of the question, and would have been unavailing had it been practicable. The only chance was in prevention; the first attack was a sufficient warning, and was probably nearly coeval with the commencement of the final disease. Then was the time to attempt, not merely present relief, but security against future attacks. Affections of the head, in whatever shape they occur, whether denoted by a fit, paralysis, lethargy, pain, giddiness, or altered power of vision, should demand the most vigilant attention. If medicine fail to remove these symptoms, the patient should not rest satisfied till he has effected such a change in his habit and system, as may assure him a vigorous condition of body, without engendering plethora on the one hand, or too great attenuation on the other. In short, he should put himself into training.

AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

The dry warm weather through nearly the whole of last month, has brought the corn to the most mature state. The greater part has been well harvested, and the yield of every description promises to be great.

Wheat has gathered remarkably heavy in the hand, in consequence of the ears being large and well filled, most of the clevels containing from four to five full grown corns. No harvest preceded by so much dark, wet, and cold weather, is recollected to have been so free from blight.

Barley promises to be more than an average crop. The quality is much finer than was expected from the great bulk of straw, and the preceding heavy rain.

Oats are of good quality, and promise an abundant yield. Few harvests are remembered where the straw and corn have been equally great.

Beans, peas, and the whole of the leguminous tribe, from the length of pod and plumpness of corn, will be more than an average crop. The pod or kid contains fewer abortive umbilical cords than can be recollected for many years.

The turnip crop is extremely fine, and the after-grass most abundant. These, with the old stores on the pastures, promise a large supply of cattle food for the ensuing winter.

The cabbage and all the brassica tribe are very fine, and free from the caterpillar.

The hops are greatly improved; and the apples in the cyder counties are a full average crop.

ALLEGORICAL WOOD-CUT, WITH PATTERNS OF BRITISH MANUFACTURE.

No. 1. A celestial blue imperial striped sarsnet, adapted for pelisses, spencers, evening robes, and mantles. Silk fringe of the same colour, matted crape, Spanish binding, and thread lace, or net, are the only

appropriate trimmings for articles of this delicate and pliant material. It is sold by Messrs. George and Bradley, mercers, No. 19, Holywell-street, Strand.

No. 2. A sea-weed ground printed cambric, so evidently calculated for the humble order of morning and domestic wear, that no further remark is necessary, than to recommend robes of this article to be made high in the neck, with long sleeves, and frills or collars of lace or needle-work. We are furnished with this print from the house of Harris and Co. No. 1, Picket-st. Temple-Bar.

No. 3. A beautiful fancy silver paper for ladies' work-tables, boxes, card-racks, &c. When made up, it exhibits the appearance of the red sea-weed, strained on a white satin or silver ground. Work-tables, with ebony and gold frames and feet, or japanned to that effect, are a most unique, elegant, and useful article for the *boudoir*. For card or work-boxes the narrow embossed gold or silver border is an appropriate finish at the edges. This simple and tasteful article is from Ackermann's, 101, Strand.

No. 4. A striped Scotch jaconot muslin, designed for the morning dress and children's wear. Lace, or borders of double or plaited muslin, are the only becoming and consistent trimmings for robes of this article. It is sold by Charles Cooper and Co. No. 47, Fleet-street.

Poetry.

JAMAICA.

A FRAGMENT.

By the late BRYAN EDWARDS, *Esq.*

[Concluded from p. 120.)

EXHAUSTED thus whilst nature languid droops,
Me too, reclin'd amid the coco grove,
Or where Banana interwoven spreads
Her verdant canopy, let gentle sleep
Envelop, 'till the sultry hours are past.
The sportive zephyrs, whisp'ring o'er my head,
Shall winnow with light wings the peopled air,
And softly soothe my slumbers—undismayed,
I court th' oblivious power. Ill-fated he,
The heedless wanderer on Asia's plains,
Whom treach'rous sleep o'ertakes. Him, from her lair,
Marks the fell panther: as aghast he wakes,
On his scar'd visage full her flaming eyes
Are fix'd, while from her hollow breast she heaves,
Horrid and dreadful, the fate-boding sigh!
Nail'd by the fascinating glare, his limbs
Forget their functions, and supine he dies!

Far happier we, who, fenc'd by ocean, sleep
Secure in soft serenity, and wake,
As now, to gladness; for the heav'ns relent.
See, a mild temp'ring haze diffusive shades
The bright cerulëan, as the radiant god
Impetuous hastens to th' Atlantic wave:
Yet, sinking, he dilates, and in his strength
Still glories. O'er the abdicated skies
Now gaily spread ten thousand golden forms
And gorgeous phantoms, empyrëan flame
And worlds of fire. So, momentary glares
Thy gilded reign, Ambition; and as night

Plate 37. Vol. 8

BORDERS for NEEDLEWORK.

Thus comes abrupt, Oblivion spreads her veil,
Shades thy proud triumphs, and shuts out the scene!

O ye soft gales, who in the train of night
Your downy pinions wave, who all the day
Repose amid the mountains' cool retreats,
Your course delay not! The diurnal breeze
Now slumbers on the tranquil wave exhaust:
Fan the still air, ye gales; with balmy breath
Inspire th' enliven'd functions!—Now on high
Refulgent Venus and the starry train
Spangle the vivid hemisphere. Around,
Myriads of insect-meteors*, living lamps,
People the glitt'ring air! A fairy world
I tread, a land of genii! Airy shapes,
Oft visible to contemplation's eye,
Roam in the midnight hour these sacred shades;
Nor unobserv'd while now the starry train
Burn with diminish'd lustre; for, behold,
The radiant moon bids meaner glories fade:
No cloud her course obscures, and high she tow'rs,
Guiding in awful majesty thro' heav'n
Her silver car, triumphant o'er the dark.

Sure 'tis illusion and enchantment all!
Yet still fond fancy, thro' the shadowy glade,
Sees visionary fleeting forms; still hears
Sounds more than human. Once a gentle race
Own'd these fair vallies: from the birth of time
These groves, these mountains, and these hills were theirs.
Perhaps ev'n now their sp'rits delighted haunt
Their once lov'd mansions. Oft the pensive Muse
Recalls, in tender thought, the mournful scene
When the brave Incotel, from yonder rock,
His last sad blessing to a weeping train
Dying bequeath'd. "The hour (he said) arrives,
By ancient sages to our sires foretold!—
Fierce from the deep, with heav'n's own lightning arm'd,
The pallid nation comes! Blood marks their steps;
Man's agonies their sport, and man their prey!

"What piercing shrieks still vibrate on the ear!
Th' expiring mother lifts her feeble arm
In vain to shield her infant; the hot steel
Smokes with their mingled blood; and blooming youth,
And manly strength, and virgin beauty, meet
Alike th' untimely grave; 'till fell revenge
Is cloy'd and tir'd with slaughter. See, full-gorg'd,
The vulture sickens o'er his waste of prey,
And, surfeit-swell'd, the reeking hound expires!

"Yet pause not, Spaniard! whet thy blunted steel;
Take thy full pastime in the field of blood!
But know, stern tyrant, retribution's hour,
Ere long, shall reach thee, Tho' his once-lov'd isle,
For crimes yet unaton'd, dread *Zemi* thus
To desolation and to death consigns,
And thou the instrument of wrath divine;
In yonder orb, now darken'd in his course,
Read thy own doom, more dreadful! With the slain,
The murtherer falls! th' oppressor and th' oppress'd

* These are the fire-flies, which abound in the interior parts of the country, and to a stranger have a wonderful and singular appearance. They consist of different species, some of which emit a light, resembling a spark of fire, from a globular prominence near each eye; and others from their sides, in the act of respiration. They are far more luminous than the glow-worm, and fill the air on all sides, like so many living stars, to the astonishment and terror of a traveller unaccustomed to the country. In the day-time they disappear.

Mingle in dust together! Where are now
Thy blood-polluted glories? Ah! too late,
Learn, when avenging Heav'n presumptuous guilt
Gives to its own fell purposes a prey,
More mark'd its fate, more terrible its fall!

"So perish the false triumphs and vain hopes
Of mad ambition, and remorseless pride,
That make weak man the murtherer of man!
O my associates, dry those scalding tears!
One little moment, and we shall arrive
At those bless'd islands, where, from guilt refin'd
By sharp affliction, we no more shall feel
Death's torpid grasp, and agonizing pang!
There, with our lov'd forefathers, shall we rove
Thro' palmy shades; in limpid fountains bathe;
Repose in jasmin bow'rs at sultry noon;
And when cool ev'ning tempers soft the air,
Unenvied gather, from his unprun'd bough,
The fragrant guoyva. On our cheeks no more
The burning tear shall linger; not a sigh
Swell the light bosom; but immortal joy
Fill every thought, and brighten every eye.
Meantime, those happy interdicted shores
Our blood-stain'd foes thall seek—but seek in vain.
The hurricane shall rave, the thunder roll,
And ocean whelm them in his deepest tide,
Or leave transfix'd on the hard pointed rock,
The sport of howling winds. How shall we laugh
When the pale coward slaves to us remote,
Present th' uplifted hand, th' imploring eye!
Their conscious groans shall feed our great revenge,
—But, ah! no woes can punish crimes like theirs!"

SONG.

FROM THE IRISH.

In the year 1691, the memorable siege of Limerick was terminated by its surrender to the army of William III. Though the terms of the capitulation were the most favourable that a conquered people could expect, the greater number resolved to take advantage of an article in the treaty, which permitted their emigration; and, accordingly, the flower of the Irish garrison embarked for foreign countries In getting under weigh, their vessels were greeted from the shore by a crowd of females, who joined in a song of gratitude for the bravery of their defenders, and grief for their own and their country's loss in their departure.

Behold the crowded barks that bear
The pride of Erin from her shore!
Hark! their voice salutes the ear,
Farewell—farewell for ever more!
Farewell!

A fresher breeze impels each sail,
Swifter they cut the yielding wave,
Till distance, and the rising gale,
Have drown'd the voices of the brave—
Farewell!

Lost are their forms, and from our eyes
Their lessening vessels sweep along:
Now let the voice of sadness rise—
Now strike the harp to sorrow's song—
Farewell!

But vain expression's plaintive powers,
Our weeping country's woes to tell;
Yet not with yonder humbled towers
Her pride, her strength, her glory fell--
Farewell!

No, then her glory own'd no stain;
Her pride, her strength, then shone as high;
They bow'd—a conquest to obtain,
And chang'd defeat to victory—
Farewell!

But now is faded all her fame,
Lost are the triumphs she has won;
Torn are the trophies from her name;
The sons she gloried in are gone —
Farewell!

Gone from their native vallies far,
To combat on some foreign plain;
Lead Gaul's thick squadrons to the war,
Give valour to the hosts of Spain—
Farewell!

Yes, now she falls—no guarded hand
Her prostrate form from earth to raise;
And Erin, lost, deserted land,
Has bid the brightest of her days
Farewell!

Z. X.

TYRONE, 1812.

LONDON MARKETS.

Return of Wheat from August 3 to 8.

TOTAL, 9,748 quarters.—Average, 138s. 3½d. per quarter, or 0s. 6d. per quarter higher than last retuen.

Return of Flour from August 8 to 14.

TOTAL, 10,927 sacks.—Average, 119s. 5½d. per sack, or 0s. 0¼d. per sack higher than last return.

Average of England and Wales, August 15.

	s	d		s	d		s	d
Wheat	155	0	Barley	79	10	Beans	77	6
Rye	98	2	Oats	56	2	Pease	75	0

CORN, SEEDS, &c.

	s.	s.	s.
Wheat white, per quarter	103	120	156
——red	105	115	148
——foreign	100	115	154
Rye	76	78	80
Barley, English	60	64	68
Malt	76	90	98
Oats Feed	65	70	73
——Friezland	—	—	—
——Poland	70	74	78
——Potatoe	76	78	80
Beans, Pigeon	84	86	88
——Horse	—	—	—
Pease, Boiling	60	70	76
——Grey	60	70	78
Flour per sack	120	—	—
——Seconds	95	100	—
——Scotch	90	105	—

	s.	s.	s.
Tares, per bushel	11	—	12
Turnip	18	19	22
Mustard, brown	18	21	22
——white	14	—	18
Canary, per qr.	80	92	100
Hempseed	44	48	50
Linseed	90	100	105
Clover, red, per cwt.	65	75	88
——white	88	96	110
——foreign, red	60	80	86
——white	80	90	112
Trefoil	—	—	—
Carraway	70	76	78
Coriander	44	46	48

Ameican Flour —s a —s per barrel of 196lbs.

Rapeseed, per last - - - - £— a £54 a £56

Oil Cakes, per thousand £15. 15s. to £—. 0s. per 1,000 cakes of 3lb. each.

SUGAR, &c. per Cwt.

	s		s
Muscovade, fine	80	a	86
——good	76	a	79
——ordinary	71	a	75
East India, white	82	a	90
——yellow	76	a	81
——brown	70	a	75

MOLASSES 42s. —d. a 42s. 6d.

REFINED SUGAR.

	s		s
Double Loaves	124	a	140
Hambro' ditto	104	a	112
Powder ditto	103	a	112
Single ditto	100	a	108
Canary Lumps	99	a	108
Large ditto	96	a	98
Bastards, whole	72	a	76
——faces	78	a	82
——middles	74	a	77
——tips	72	a	73

GINGER.

Jamaica, white	82	a	200
Barbadoes, ditto	75	a	80
——black	70	a	75

RICE, *Bonded.*

Carolina	24	a	26
Brazil	26	a	28

COFFEE, *Bonded.*

	s	d		s	d
Dominica, Surinam, &c.					
Fine	75	0	a	85	0
Good	70	0	a	74	0
Ordinary	67	0	a	69	0
Triage	30	0	a	59	0
Jamaica.					
Fine	75	0	a	85	0
Good	60	0	a	74	0
Ordinary	40	0	a	59	0
Triage	20	0	a	39	0
Mocha	300	0	a	600	0
Bourbon	90	0	a	120	0
St. Domingo	60	0	a	70	0
Java	90	0	a	100	0

COCOA, *Bonded.*

Trinidad and Carraccas	90	0	a	100	0
Plantation	65	0	a	80	0

SPICES and PEPPER, per lb.

Nutmegs	18	0	a	24	0
Cloves	10	0	a	10	6
Cinnamon	10	6	a	11	6
Mace	36	0	a	42	0
Pepp. white	5	3	a	—	0
——black	2	5	a	2	6
Pimento	2	0	a	—	0

Average price of Raw Sugar, exclusive of duty, 47s. 1¾d.

We have not so much business doing in sugars this month, but the prices are fully supported.

HOPS in the Borough.

BAGS	£	s		£	s
Kent	4	10	a	6	15
Sussex	4	15	a	6	0
Essex	0	0	a	0	0

POCKETS	£	s		£	s
Kent	5	15	a	7	15
Sussex	5	5	a	7	0
Farnham	5	5	a	8	8

CORN, &c. per Quarter.

	Aug.	Wheat. s		s	Barley. s		s	Oats. s		s	Beans. s		s	Peas. s		
Newcastle	15	112	a	170	52	a	66	52	a	63	82	a	84	—	a	—
Northampton	15	144	a	154	83	a	—	54	a	58	74	a	76	—	a	—
Canterbury	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—
Lewes	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—
Chesterfield	15	144	a	176	—	a	—	60	a	70	84	a	—	—	a	—
Ashborne	15	136	a	156	—	a	—	56	a	66	80	a	90	—	a	—
Guildford	15	148	a	160	—	a	—	58	a	66	76	a	87	—	a	—
Gainsboro'	18	130	a	140	60	a	70	40	a	50	70	a	78	—	a	—
Louth	19	140	a	155	—	a	—	48	a	55	60	a	72	—	a	—
Huntingdon	15	126	a	142	66	a	72	48	a	56	70	a	80	—	a	—
Newark	19	150	a	162	90	a	—	60	a	64	80	a	84	—	a	—
Spilsby	17	164	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—
Reigate	18	140	a	148	64	a	70	65	a	70	84	a	86	84	a	—
Devizes	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—
Reading	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—
Swansea	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—
Henley	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—
Maidenhead	19	138	a	158	60	a	70	58	a	65	84	a	88	—	a	—
Salisbury	18	138	a	152	74	a	80	50	a	60	86	a	94	—	a	—
Penrith	18	138	a	—	78	a	—	71	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—
Hull	18	140	a	168	60	a	65	60	a	68	80	a	84	—	a	—
Basingstoke	19	136	a	152	70	a	75	54	a	60	80	a	84	—	a	—
Wakefield	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—
Andover	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—
Warminster	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—	—	a	—

SPIRITS, per Gallon (exclusive of duty).

	s	d		s	d
Brandy, Cog.	8	9	a	9	6
——Spanish	5	0	a	5	2
Hollands Gin	8	0	a	8	6
Rum, Jamaica	4	6	a	6	9
——Lew. Isl.	3	8	a	4	6

	s	d		s	d
Mol. Spirits, British	13	10	a	14	0
——Irish	0	0	a	0	0
——Scotch	0	0	a	0	0
Spirits of Wine	24	0	a	0	0

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL FOR JULY, 1812.

Conducted, at Manchester, by THOMAS HANSON, *Esq.*

1812. JULY	Wind.		Pressure. Max.	Min.	Mean.	Temperature. Max.	Min.	Mean.	Weather.	Evap.	Rain
☽ 1	W	1	29,69	29,25	29,470	68,0°	52,0°	60,00°	rainy	—	—
2	W	1	29,30	29,22	29,260	71,0	50,0	60,50	cloudy	—	
3	W	1	29,95	29,30	29,625	64,0	48,0	56,00	fine	.265	1.005
4	W	1	30,15	30,05	30,100	67,0	40,0	53,50	cloudy	—	
5	S	1	30,05	29,90	29,975	66,0	50,0	58,00	rainy	—	—
6	S	1	30,31	30,05	30,180	66,0	53,0	59,50	gloomy	—	
7	S	1	30,47	30,31	30,390	74,5	48,0	61,25	fine	—	
● 8	Calm		30,57	30,47	30,520	74,0	55,0	64,50	brilliant	—	
9	S	1	30,60	30,57	30,585	74,0	56,0	65,00	brilliant	.550	.210
10	Var.	1	30,59	30,57	30,580	72,0	56,0	64,00	gloomy	—	
11	S	2	30,59	30,27	30,430	71,0	52,0	61,50	cloudy	—	
12	S	1	30,27	30,27	30,270	65,0	52,0	58,50	gloomy	—	
13	S	2	30,27	30,20	30,235	69,0	50,0	59,50	cloudy	—	
14	S	1	30,27	30,25	30,260	71,0	48,0	59,50	fine	—	
15	S	1	30,25	30,15	30,200	73,0	44,0	58,50	brilliant	—	
☾ 16	S	1	30,15	29,90	30,025	71,0	56,0	63,50	cloudy	—	
17	S	2	30,20	29,90	30,050	73,0	56,0	64,50	brilliant	—	
18	S	2	30,30	30,00	30,100	70,0	57,0	63,50	gloomy	—	
19	S	1	30,00	29,55	29,775	73,0	58,0	65,50	rainy	—	—
20	S	1	29,50	29,60	29,550	64,0	52,0	58,00	rainy	1,015	1,950
21	S	2	29,90	29,60	29,750	64,0	48,0	56,50	fine	—	
22	Var.	1	30,10	29,90	30,000	60,0	46,0	53,00	rainy	.200	.630
23	Var.	1	30,10	29,90	30,000	68,0	43,0	55,50	clear	—	
○ 24	S	1	29,90	29,40	29,650	66,0	55,0	60,50	rainy	—	—
25	S W	2	29,45	29,35	29,400	68,0	55,0	61,50	rainy	—	—
26	W	4	29,55	29,35	29,450	74,0	50,0	62,00	clear	.210	.630
27	W	2	29,55	29,35	29,450	69,0	49,0	59,00	clear	—	
28	S	1	29,35	29,35	29,350	66,0	48,0	57,00	cloudy	—	
29	S	1	29,55	29,35	29,450	66,0	47,0	56,50	fine	—	—
☽ 30	W	2	29,93	29,55	29,740	65,0	51,0	58,00	rainy	—	—
31	S	1	29,93	29,80	29,855	68,0	46,0	57,00	brilliant	.550	.170
				Mean	29,925		Mean	59,75		2,790	4,595

RESULTS.

Mean barometrical pressure, 29.925—maximum, 30.60, wind S. 1—minimum, 29.22, wind W. 1—Range 1.38 inch.

The greatest variation of pressure in 24 hours, is .60 of an inch, which was on the 3d.

Mean temperature, 59°.75.—Maximum, 74° wind S. 1—Minimum 40° wind W 1—Range 37.

The greatest variation of temperature in 24 hours is 29°, which was on the 15th.

Spaces described by the barometer, 6,80 inches—Number of changes, 13.

Quantity of water evaporated from a surface of water, exposed to the action of the sun's rays and wind, 2.790 inches.

Rain, &c. this month, 4.595 inches.—Number of wet days, 10 —Total rain this year, 26.950 in.

WIND.

N	NE	E	SE	S	SW	W	NW	Variable.	Calm.
0	0	0	0	20	3	7	0	1	3

Brisk winds 0—Boisterous ones 1.

Prices of Fire-Office, Mine, Dock, Canal, Water-Works, Brewery and Public Institution Shares, &c. &c. for AUGUST, 1812.

Rock Life Assurance	7s. a 10s. pm. per. sh.
Provident	2. 10. do. do
Albion Fire and Life	£500. sh. £48 per. sh.
Globe	108 10s. do.
Imperial Fire	50 do. 2 10s. pm.
Sun	£160 a 161½ pr. sh.
London Dock	108 pr. cent.
Chelsea Water-Works	14 10s per share.
Kent Ditto	63 do.
West Middlesex Ditto	45 do.
Ashby de la Zouch Canal	21 do.

Birmingham Canal	£585 a 591 pr. sh.
Coventry Ditto	807 a 808 10s. do.
Dudley Ditto	50 a 51 do.
Grand Junction Ditto	215 do.
Monmouthshire Ditto	105 a 106 do.
Grand Trunk	1075 do.
London Institution	50 10s. do.
Surry Ditto	15 do.
Russell Ditto	18 gs. do.
Day Newspaper	8s. a 10s. pm.
Gas Light Company	15s. do.

WOLFE & Co. 9, 'Change-Alley, Cornhill, & FORTUNE & Co. 13, Cornhill.

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE FOR JULY, 1812.

Conducted by Mr. J. GIBSON, Laboratory, Stratford, Essex.

1812 JULY	Wind.	Pressure. Max.	Pressure. Min.	Pressure. Mean.	Temperature. Max.	Temperature. Min.	Temperature. Mean.	Weather.	Evap.	Rain.
☽ 1	S W	29,80	29,57	29,685	65°	54°	59,5°	showery	—	.28
2	N W	29,66	29,55	29,605	70	50	60,0	showery	—	.38
3	N	30,00	29,66	29,830	65	41	53,0	fine	—	
4	N	30,07	30,00	30,035	66	44	55,0	fine	.45	
5	S W	30,06	30,05	30,055	67	53	60,0	clouds	—	—
6	N W	30,27	30,06	30,165	71	49	60,0	fine	—	
7	N	30,29	30,27	30,280	76	50	63,0	fine	.43	
● 8	E	30,33	30,29	30,310	78	48	63,0	fine		
9	N E	30,33	30,29	30,310	81	52	66,5	fine		
10	N	30,39	30,29	30,340	75	51	63,0	fine		
11	N	30,29	30,16	30,225	74	57	65,5	fine		
12	N W	30,17	30,16	30,165	68	42	55,0	cloudy		
13	N W	30,19	30,16	30,175	72	54	63,0	cloudy		
14	Var.	30,19	30,17	30,180	74	50	62,0	cloudy		—
15	Var.	30,17	30,05	30,110	72	53	62,5	fine		
☾ 16	E	30,05	29,95	30,000	71	57	64,0	clouds	—	—
17	Var.	30,14	29,95	30,045	68	58	63,0	fine	—	
18	S E	30,10	30,00	30,050	85	59	72,0	fine	.37	
19	S W	30,00	29,74	29,870	74	60	67,0	cloudy	—	.32
20	W	29,85	29,70	29,775	75	53	64,0	showery	—	—
21	W	29,96	29,94	29,950	75	42	58,5	clouds	.35	
22	S W	30,09	29,96	30,025	70	45	57,5	clouds	—	.16
23	S W	30,09	29,94	30,015	71	55	63,0	cloudy	—	—
○ 24	S W	29,94	29,78	29,860	72	61	66,5	showery	—	.31
25	S W	29,79	29,78	29,785	81	58	69,5	clouds	.55	—
26	N W	29,85	29,79	29,820	72	52	62,0	fine	—	
27	Var.	29,66	29,60	29,630	65	49	57,0	rainy	—	1,04
28	S W	29,66	29,65	29,655	68	50	59,0	fine	—	—
29	W	29,80	29,66	29,730	63	49	56,0	rain	.55	.22
☽ 30	N W	29,96	29,80	29,880	67	49	58,0	fair	—	
31	S W	29,96	29,80	29,880	71	53	62,0	clouds	.20	.08
			Mean	29,981		*Mean*	61,6	*Total*	2,90*in.*	2,79*in.*

RESULTS.—Prevailing winds, westerly.—Mean height of barometer, 29,981 inches—thermometer, 61,6°. — Total of evaporation (in 23 days) 2,90 inches. — Rain 2,79 inches—in another guage 3,05 inches.

Notes.—1st. Rainy morning.—2d. A shower of large hail between five and six o'clock P. M. with some thunder—evening showery.—5th. Day cloudy and fine—some rain in the evening.—12th. Cloudy morning.—19th. Some rain in the evening.—20th. Some thunder in the afternoon—frequent lightning in the evening.—22d. A heavy thunder storm about noon, accompanied with large hail.—27th. Very rainy day.—29th. A thunder storm about three o'clock P. M. with heavy rain mixed with hail.

PRICES OF STOCKS.

Date.	Bank Stock.	3 Pr. Ct. Consols.	3 pr.ct. Red.	4 pr.ct. Cons.	Navy 5 pr.ct.	Long Ann.	Omnium	Impl.3 pr.ct.	Impl. Anns.	Irish 5 pr ct	S. Sea Stock.	S. Sea Anns.	India Stock	India Bonds.	Ex. B. $3\frac{1}{4}$d. $3\frac{1}{2}$d. per day.	St. Lotty. Tickets.	Cons for July 24.
July 21	$216\frac{1}{2}$	$56\frac{1}{8}$a$\frac{3}{8}$	$56\frac{5}{8}$	$73\frac{1}{8}$	$87\frac{7}{8}$	$15\frac{1}{8}$	2 *Pm.*	$55\frac{3}{8}$	$5\frac{1}{8}$	—	$60\frac{3}{8}$	—	—	10 *Dis.*	6 a 1 *Dis.*	£21.15s.	$57\frac{7}{8}$
22	$215\frac{3}{4}$	$55\frac{3}{4}$a$6\frac{1}{8}$	$56\frac{1}{2}$	$73\frac{3}{8}$	$87\frac{3}{4}$	$15\frac{1}{16}$	$1\frac{1}{2}$ *Pm.*	$54\frac{3}{4}$	—	—	60	—	—	11 *Dis.*	10 *D.* 1 *P.*	Ditto	—
23	216	$55\frac{7}{8}$a$6\frac{1}{8}$	$56\frac{1}{2}$	$73\frac{1}{4}$	$87\frac{3}{4}$	$15\frac{1}{16}$	$1\frac{1}{2}$ *Pm.*	55	$5\frac{1}{8}$	—	60	—	$164\frac{1}{2}$	13 *Dis.*	9 *Dis. Par*		Aug. 28
24	—	$56\frac{7}{8}$a$\frac{1}{8}$	$56\frac{3}{8}$	$73\frac{5}{8}$	88	$15\frac{1}{8}$	2 *Pm.*	$55\frac{3}{8}$	—	—	—	—	—	11 *Dis.*	7 *Dis.* 1 *Pm*		$56\frac{3}{4}$
25	$215\frac{3}{4}$	$56\frac{1}{4}$a$\frac{3}{8}$	$56\frac{5}{8}$	$73\frac{1}{2}$	88	—	$1\frac{7}{8}$ *Pm.*	—	—	—	—	—	164	9 *Dis.*	5 *Dis.* 3 *Pm*		$56\frac{5}{8}$
27	—	$56\frac{1}{2}$a$\frac{1}{4}$	$56\frac{3}{4}$	$73\frac{5}{8}$	$88\frac{1}{8}$	$15\frac{3}{16}$	$2\frac{1}{8}$ *Pm.*	—	—	—	—	—	—	9 *Dis.*	4 *Dis.* 4 *Pm*		$56\frac{7}{8}$
28	$215\frac{3}{4}$	$56\frac{1}{2}$a$\frac{3}{4}$	$56\frac{7}{8}$	$73\frac{7}{8}$	$88\frac{3}{4}$	$15\frac{1}{4}$	$2\frac{3}{8}$ *Pm.*	$55\frac{3}{4}$	$5\frac{1}{8}$	—	—	—	—	9 *Dis.*	3 *Dis* 4 *Pm*		$57\frac{1}{8}$
29	—	$56\frac{3}{4}$a$\frac{3}{8}$	57	$73\frac{5}{8}$	$88\frac{3}{4}$	$15\frac{5}{16}$	$2\frac{1}{2}$ *Pm.*	$55\frac{3}{4}$	—	—	—	—	—	10 *Dis.*	4 *Dis.* 4 *Pm*		$57\frac{1}{8}$
30	213	$56\frac{1}{2}$a$\frac{1}{8}$	$56\frac{3}{4}$	73	$88\frac{3}{8}$	$15\frac{5}{16}$	2 *Pm.*	—	—	—	$60\frac{7}{8}$	—	—	10 *Dis.*	4 *Dis.* 5 *Pm*		$56\frac{7}{8}$
31	$212\frac{1}{2}$	$56\frac{1}{8}$a$\frac{3}{8}$	$56\frac{5}{8}$	73	$88\frac{1}{8}$	$15\frac{5}{16}$	$1\frac{7}{8}$ *Pm.*	$55\frac{3}{8}$	$5\frac{1}{8}$	—	—	$56\frac{1}{4}$	—	10 *Dis.*	5 *Dis* 4 *Pm*		$56\frac{3}{4}$
Aug. 1	$212\frac{1}{2}$	$56\frac{3}{8}$a$\frac{1}{4}$	$56\frac{3}{4}$	$73\frac{1}{8}$	$88\frac{1}{8}$	$15\frac{5}{16}$	2 *Pm.*	—	—	—	—	—	—	8 *Dis.*	4 *Dis* 5 *Pm*		$56\frac{3}{4}$
3	$212\frac{1}{2}$	$56\frac{3}{8}$a$\frac{5}{8}$	$56\frac{7}{8}$	$73\frac{3}{8}$	$88\frac{3}{8}$	$15\frac{5}{16}$	$2\frac{3}{8}$ *Pm.*	$55\frac{3}{8}$	—	—	—	—	$163\frac{3}{4}$	9 *Dis.*	3 *Dis* 5 *Pm*		57
4	$212\frac{1}{2}$	$56\frac{5}{8}$a$\frac{1}{4}$	$56\frac{7}{8}$	$73\frac{3}{8}$	$88\frac{1}{2}$	$15\frac{5}{16}$	$2\frac{1}{4}$ *Pm.*	—	$5\frac{1}{16}$	—	$60\frac{1}{2}$	$56\frac{1}{2}$	$162\frac{3}{4}$	8 *Dis.*	3 *Dis.* 5 *Pm*		$56\frac{7}{8}$
5	$213\frac{1}{2}$	$56\frac{5}{8}$a$\frac{3}{8}$	$56\frac{7}{8}$	$73\frac{1}{2}$	$88\frac{1}{2}$	$15\frac{5}{16}$	$2\frac{3}{8}$ *Pm.*	$55\frac{5}{8}$	$5\frac{1}{16}$	—	—	—	—	8 *Dis.*	2 *Dis.* 5 *Pm*		57
6	$213\frac{1}{2}$	$56\frac{5}{8}$a$\frac{1}{2}$	57	$73\frac{5}{8}$	$88\frac{5}{8}$	$15\frac{5}{16}$	$2\frac{3}{8}$ *Pm.*	—	$5\frac{1}{8}$	—	—	—	—	7 *Dis.*	2 *Dis.* 5 *Pm*		$56\frac{7}{8}$
7	$215\frac{1}{2}$	$56\frac{1}{2}$a$\frac{3}{4}$	57	$73\frac{3}{4}$	$88\frac{5}{8}$	$15\frac{5}{16}$	$2\frac{1}{2}$ *Pm.*	$55\frac{1}{2}$	—	—	61	—	$163\frac{1}{2}$	6 *Dis.*	2 *Dis.* 6 *Pm*		57
8	216	$56\frac{5}{8}$a$\frac{7}{8}$	$57\frac{1}{8}$	74	$88\frac{3}{4}$	$15\frac{5}{16}$	$2\frac{5}{8}$ *Pm.*	—	$5\frac{1}{8}$	—	—	—	$163\frac{1}{4}$	6 *Dis.*	1 *Dis.* 5 *Pm*		57
10	—	$56\frac{3}{4}$a$\frac{7}{8}$	$57\frac{1}{8}$	$74\frac{1}{8}$	89	$15\frac{3}{8}$	$2\frac{3}{4}$ *Pm.*	—	—	—	—	—	164	5 *Dis.*	1 *Dis.* 6 *Pm*		$57\frac{1}{8}$
11	$217\frac{1}{2}$	$56\frac{3}{4}$a57	$57\frac{1}{4}$	$74\frac{3}{4}$	$89\frac{3}{8}$	$15\frac{3}{8}$	$2\frac{7}{8}$ *Pm.*	$55\frac{7}{8}$	—	—	$61\frac{1}{2}$	—	164	5 *Dis.*	1 *Dis.* 6 *Pm*		$57\frac{1}{4}$
12	Hol.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—		—
13	219	$57\frac{1}{8}$a$6\frac{7}{8}$	$57\frac{3}{8}$	75	$89\frac{5}{8}$	$15\frac{7}{16}$	3 *Pm.*	—	$5\frac{1}{8}$	—	$61\frac{1}{4}$	$57\frac{1}{8}$	165	6 *Dis.*	3 *Dis* 5 *Pm*		$57\frac{1}{4}$
14	219	$57\frac{1}{4}$a$\frac{1}{8}$	$57\frac{1}{2}$	$75\frac{1}{8}$	$89\frac{3}{4}$	$15\frac{7}{16}$	$3\frac{3}{8}$ *Pm.*	$56\frac{3}{8}$	$5\frac{1}{16}$	—	$61\frac{1}{4}$	$57\frac{3}{8}$	$165\frac{1}{2}$	9 *Dis.*	3 *Dis.* 5 *Pm*		$57\frac{3}{8}$
15	$219\frac{1}{2}$	$57\frac{3}{8}$a58	$58\frac{1}{4}$	$75\frac{1}{4}$	90	$15\frac{1}{2}$	$4\frac{1}{4}$ *Pm*	$56\frac{5}{8}$	—	—	—	—	—	9 *Dis.*	3 *Dis.* 5 *Pm*		$58\frac{1}{4}$
17	—	$58\frac{1}{4}$a$57\frac{3}{4}$	$58\frac{3}{8}$	$75\frac{1}{4}$	$90\frac{3}{8}$	$15\frac{5}{8}$	5 *Pm.*	—	$5\frac{1}{8}$	—	—	—	168	9 *Dis.*	3 *Dis.* 5 *Pm*		$58\frac{1}{2}$
18	220	$57\frac{7}{8}$a$\frac{1}{2}$	$58\frac{1}{8}$	$75\frac{1}{4}$	$90\frac{1}{4}$	$15\frac{9}{16}$	$4\frac{5}{8}$ *Pm.*	$56\frac{5}{8}$	$5\frac{1}{16}$	$88\frac{3}{4}$	—	—	—	9 *Dis.*	4 *Dis.* 5 *Pm*		$58\frac{1}{8}$
19	$219\frac{1}{4}$	$57\frac{3}{4}$a$8\frac{1}{8}$	$58\frac{3}{8}$	$75\frac{1}{4}$	$90\frac{1}{4}$	$15\frac{5}{8}$	5 *Pm.*	$57\frac{1}{8}$	—	—	$61\frac{7}{8}$	58	—	9 *Dis.*	4 *Dis* 4 *Pm*		$58\frac{1}{2}$
20	—	$58\frac{1}{8}$a$7\frac{1}{2}$	$58\frac{3}{8}$	$75\frac{1}{8}$	$90\frac{3}{8}$	$15\frac{11}{16}$	5 *Pm.*	—	—	—	—	—	—	9 *Dis.*	4 *Dis.* 5 *Pm*		$58\frac{1}{2}$

The $3\frac{1}{4}$d. per day, Exchequer Bills, are *Dis.* and $3\frac{1}{2}$d. *Pm.* through the month.

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